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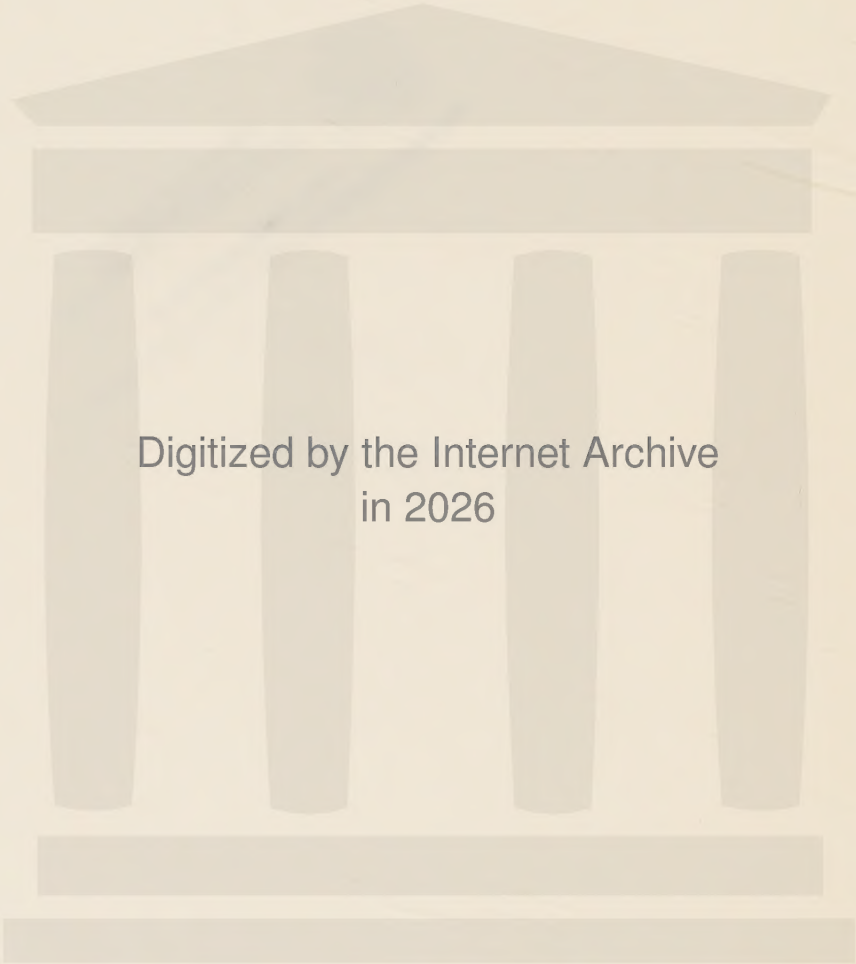
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SEA SONGS AND SHANTIES

By the same Author—

SHAKESPEARE'S SEA TERMS EXPLAINED.

JAMES BROWN & SON, GLASGOW. 1/- and 2/6.

H.M.S "VICTORY" GOING INTO BATTLE AT TRAFALGAR.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is on the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.

SEA SONGS AND SHANTIES

Collected by

W. B. WHALL, Master Mariner

The Songs harmonised by R. H. WHALL, Mus.Bac., F.R.C.O., Etc.

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GLASGOW:
JAMES BROWN & SON, PUBLISHERS, 52-58 DARNLEY STREET

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Preface.

THESE Songs have appeared in the *Nautical Magazine* and *Yachting Monthly*. By the courtesy of the Editors I now publish them in book form. A few portraits of celebrated sailing ships of the date in which these songs were sung are added. I set myself a plain task, namely, to write down these songs, music and words, as I heard them sung at sea by sailors. I have, therefore, not searched through the British Museum for the correct (?) wording or tune in any case. As to the spelling of "shanty," I see no reason why, because shore people have fancied a derivation of the word and written it "chanty," I should follow. It was not so pronounced at sea, and to spell it so is misleading. I have good reasons for supposing that the presumed French derivation of this word is wrong.

The book would be shorn of half its value were it not for the harmonising of the Songs by my brother, R. H. Whall, Mus.Bac.

I hope this attempt to rescue these old Songs from oblivion will find favour.

W. B. WHALL.

November, 1910.

Preface to Second Edition.

A SECOND edition being called for so soon is gratifying to me. Curiously enough, I find that as many shore people are interested in these songs as sailors. I have added a few more Songs and Shanties; of course there are numbers of others, but I think this selection is fairly representative. I have been asked why "The Banks of Sacramento" is not inserted; this was nothing but an old Christy Minstrel song turned into a shanty, and for that reason I omitted it. Questions have been asked about others, but it is impossible to use all.

W. B. WHALL.

February, 1912.

Preface to Fourth Edition.

ANOTHER reprint of this book being necessary seems to show appreciation, and looks as if the reviewer was right who said " This is the real thing."

We should like to say, in reply to some criticisms, that the words and music in this collection are, with a few verbal alterations for the sake of decency, those which were *actually sung by seamen*. No one who started sea life after 1875 heard shantying in its prime.

As to the spelling of shanty, the earliest collection known to us, published about 1875, calls these ditties " Shanty Songs," meaning, we suppose, songs from the shanties. Many of the early ones were certainly nigger ; for example, " Way ! Sing Sally ! " " Jamboree," " Let de Bulgine run " ; and though, as a rule, white men did not sing " nigger," still there were hundreds of coloured men in our ships, both naval and mercantile, and many of these songs came from the shanties, as the negro huts on Southern plantations were called. In any case, why go to the French when we have the good old English word " chant " ? There are many French sea songs of this class, but they are not called " chanteys."

Besides the well-known shanties, there were songs peculiar to certain trades.

And lastly, as this song book has been used in the ships of our Grand Fleet, we have thought it worth while to insert three more old naval songs—the real thing, not the shore imitation. " Cawsand Bay " first appeared in an old naval book, " Nautical Sketches," by Hamilton Moore, published early in 1840. The other Captain Whall knew all his life, for his uncle, Admiral Boultbee, used to sing it to his nephew when he was a child. " The Dolphin " is also an old sea song, and used to be sung at sea within Captain Whall's recollection. Now, of course, there are many more shanties, but in this book will be found all the best known, and we do not propose to add any more.

We are glad to have saved these shanties from oblivion. They will never more be heard at sea.

JAMES BROWN & SON,
GLASGOW.

February, 1920.

Introduction.

THE romance of the sea is gone, and with it are gone Sea Songs. Never more can the young commander pace his quarter-deck, the canvas bellying out overhead, the "meteor-flag" crackling abaft, and bowl his broadsides into the enemy whilst

"The gadlant Thunder bomb"

surges along beneath his tread. Piracy and privateering are impossible; so are "carrying on," reefing topsails, and all the many things which gave romance to the sailor's life. Where, then, is the theme for song? Had Kipling but arrived fifty years ago, what a splendid shantyman he would have made (though he and his landsmen followers choose to call it "chanty"). But to-day his theme does not exist; even to many modern seamen his verse has no meaning. What steamboatman can appreciate his *Anchor Song*?

"Wheel full and by; but she'll smell her road alone to-night;
Sick she is, and harbour sick, oh, sick, to clear the land!
Roll down to Brest with the old Red Ensign over us—
Carry on, and thrash her out, with all she'll stand."

Then again, where—in one of our few remaining sailing ships—are the old time shanties? Remains of them there are, it is true, but the character has all gone out of them. It is absurd to suppose that Dutchmen or Dagos, who chiefly man our sailing ships now, can in any way truly appreciate our ancient, wild hooraw choruses,

"You've sailed in a packet that flies the Black Ball,
You've robbed some poor Dutchman of boots, clothes and all."

was appropriate enough in the mouth of an old packet rat, but has no meaning for those who now man our deep-water ships—the packets are all gone, and so are the roaring, brutal dogs who sailed them.

Sea life, when sail was the mode of propulsion, was ever a roaring, reckless life, rich in song, and Sea Songs are as old as oversea voyages. *Haul the Bowline* is possibly one of the oldest, and with reason, for in the earliest days of the true sailing ship, when the square-sailed vessel took the place of the oared, lateen galley, the bowline was the most important of all ropes in a ship.

In a mediæval work of about 1450, called the *Complaynt of Scotland*, we have a description of a voyage in a sailing ship which is very valuable, and so life-like that we are convinced, on reading it, that here we have indeed the real thing. In this quaint work a ship getting under weigh is described, and the orders of the master and the cries of the mariners, as they haul, are graphically given. As they heave up the anchor they sing a shanty as follows :—

" Vayra, veyra, vayra, veyra,
Gentil gallantis veynde ;
I see hym, veynde, I see hym,
Pourbossa, pourbossa.
Hail all and ane, hail all and ane ;
Hail him up til us, hail him up til us."
(Haul one and all, haul him up to us).

The anchor is in sight,

" And now ane marynal cryit,
And all the laif followit in that same tune."

Or in plain English, " one mariner sings out and the rest follow in the same tune." The shanty is—

" Caupon caupona, caupon caupona,
Caupon hola, caupon hola,
Caupon holt, caupon holt,
Sarrabossa, sarrabossa."

" Than," says the narrative, " thai maid fast the shank of the ankyr."

Let us proceed in plainer English. Then the master shouted, " Two men aloft to the foreyard. Cut the rovings and let the foresail fall. Haul down to starboard. Luff hard aboard. Haul aft the foresheet. Haul out the bowline."

On the order to haul the main bowline we have another shanty :—

" Hou, hou ; pulpela, pulpela ; boulena, boulena ;
Darta, darta ; hard out strif."

Then, on hoisting the lower yard, still another :—

" Afore the wind, afore the wind,
God send, God send,
Fair weather, fair weather,
Many prizes, many prizes."

and so on till the order is " make fast and belay " ; yet another—

" Heisa, heisa,
Vorsa, Vorsa,
Vou, Vou,
One long pull,
More power,
Young blood,
More mud."

Then they break out into the following :—

" Yellow hair, hips bare.
To him all. Vidde fulles all.
Great and small, one and all,
Heisa, heisa."

Strangely like what we might hear even to-day, and this is four hundred and fifty years ago !

The seaman of old time delighted in doleful ballads of which the tune was as mournful as the words. The more dismal the whole thing was the better it was appreciated. These were akin to the similar ballad of the land which dealt with such things as cruel murders, hangings, ghost stories, and so on.

A good example of this branch of sea melody is the ballad of *Captain Kidd* of piratical notoriety. It is too long to be given fully, but here are the first two verses—

" O, my name is Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
O, my name is Captain Kidd,
As I sailed.
O, my name is Captain Kidd,
Many wicked things I did,
And God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed.

" O, I murdered William Moore,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
O, I murdered William Moore,
As I sailed.
O, I murdered William Moore,
And I left him in his gore,
A many leagues from shore,
As I sailed."

It is somewhat peculiar that Sea Songs and Shanties have been so much before the public in late years, when it is considered that the palmy days of these melodies were fifty years ago. We have had books of Sea Songs collected by John Masefield, Christopher Stone, and others, and quite lately a very valuable volume issued by the Navy Records Society, for which an Oxford professor is responsible. Now, all of these smell of the British Museum ; much labour has been expended in hunting amongst old records, ballad sheets, and such like, and much musty stuff unearthed, which may be of some value to the historian, but most of which is clean forgotten. In none of these books are any tunes given, and the words of a song without the music are very like dry bones. In all these collections—and an earlier one published by Bell & Daldy in 1863—many celebrated sea songs appear, most of which are not real sea songs but imitations by landsmen. In this category are " The Death of Nelson," " The Anchor's

Weighed," " Hearts of Oak," " The *Arethusa*," and many others of a like nature. Nearly all of these songs appeared originally upon the stage during the long period when we were engaged in naval warfare with Continental nations. They corresponded with the modern example of a song much heard in late years—though military, not naval—

" Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins."

Now, doubtless, many of these were sung in the ward-room, but not before the mast. Marryat tells us that Shields' song, " The Heaving of the Lead," which is from the " Operatic Farce " of Hertford Bridge, was a favourite with officers, and such a good example may perhaps have reached the forecastle :—

" For England when with fav'ring gale
Our gallant ship up channel steered,
And scudding under easy sail,
The high, blue, western land appeared.
To heave the lead the seaman sprang
And to the pilot cheerly sang,
By the deep—NINE."

But it is not a sailor song ; " scudding under easy sail " gives the show away if nothing else does.

An older class of Sea Song is composed of " Come all ye's ! " Such songs were chiefly written by some half-educated printer's tout, and printed for street ballad singers, who sold them to the lower classes literally by the yard. This was a very old industry, which was in vogue in Shakespeare's time, as witness Autolycus, who has " the prettiest love songs for maids, so without bawdry, which is strange," and also " songs for man or woman of all size," and many others. After any notable fight at sea, whether between fleets or single ships, one of these ballads was promptly put on the market, and usually began somewhat in this strain—

" *Come all ye* gallant sailors bold,
And listen to my song."

Hence their general appellation. The destruction of the Spanish Armada gave birth to such songs, and there are still earlier examples. Now, doubtless, some of these may be rightly termed real sailor songs as, probably, sailors sang them, but many of them are, in truth, poor stuff, and most wearisome to a modern. Few of them, however, were written by sailors, and in later days, if heard at all, they generally emanated from one of the " idlers," not from the seamen.

Now, seamen who spent their time in cargo-carrying sailing ships never heard a *decent* Shanty ; the words which sailor John put to them when unrestrained were the veriest filth. But another state of things obtained in passenger and troop ships ; here sailor John was given to understand very forcibly that his words were to be decent, or that he was not to shanty at all. (As a rule, when the passengers were landed, and this prohibition was removed, the notorious " Hog-Eye Man " at once made its appearance). The consequence was that in those ships the

old-time Shanties were sung to their proper words, and most of the good ones had a story in verse that never varied, though in a long hoist, if the regulation words did not suffice, a good shanty-man would improvise to spin out. It was in these vessels—and these only—that a collector of songs was wanted, and it was only in such vessels that a collection could have been made. Such a collection *was* made, both of Songs and Shanties, by me.

Other compilers of collections of songs have in some cases taken songs from this book without acknowledgment. It must be understood that all rights are rigidly reserved both as to words and music.

And now a personal word or two are necessary. I was intended for the church, not for the sea, and during my early years at Oxford, I received a fairly thorough musical training under the late Sir John Stainer, afterwards organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. Going to sea then, in 1861, in the old passenger-carrying East Indiamen, these Sailor Songs and Shanties struck me as worthy of preservation. During my eleven years in those ships, I took down the words and music of these songs as they were actually sung by sailors, so that what I present here may be relied upon as the real thing.

Since 1872 I have not heard a Shanty or Song worth the name. Steam spoilt them. A younger generation of seamen took the place of the old sea-dog. (In my first year or two at sea, I was shipmates with old men-of-war's men who had served at sea before 1815, the year of peace, and who were of the old school). With the new generation, true Sea Songs and Shanties practically disappeared. Echoes of them, it is true, still exist, but that is all. The real thing has gone for ever.

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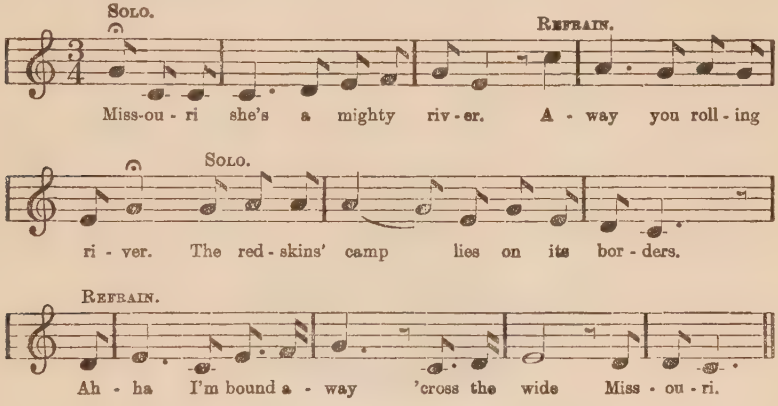
Ships, Sea Songs and Shanties.

Shenandoah.

THE seaman of to-day knows nothing of this old song but the tune and one line, "O Shannadore,* I love your daughter." There must be some merit in it to have lasted so long, even in a debased form.

Originally it was a song, not a shanty, and had nothing to do with salt water, for the "wide Missouri" is (like Alcala in another song) "nowhere near the sea." It is given here as a good specimen of the American sea song, of which there used to be a number. It must be quite fifty years since it was sung *as a song*. It probably came from the American or Canadian *voyageurs*, who were great singers; Thomas Moore drew inspiration from them in his "Canadian Boat Song." In the early days of America, rivers and canals were the chief trade and passenger routes, and boatmen were an important class. Shenandoah was a celebrated Indian chief in American history, and several towns in the States are named after him. Besides being sung at sea, this song figured in old public school collections. When very young I heard a Harrow boy sing it. That must be nearly fifty years ago.


Solo.
Refrain.
Miss-ou - ri she's a mighty riv - er. A - way you roll - ing
Solo.
ri - ver. The red - skins' camp lies on its bor - ders.
Refrain.
Ah - ha I'm bound a - way 'cross the wide Miss - ou - ri.

The white man loved the Indian maiden,
With notions† his canoe was laden.

"O, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
I'll take her 'cross yon rolling water."

* "Mizzourah," and "Shannadore," were the usual pronunciations by American singers.

† "Notions" was an old American trade-word signifying nick-nacks of all kinds.

The chief disdained the trader's dollars ;
" My daughter never you shall follow."

At last there came a Yankee skipper,
He winked his eye, and he tipped his flipper.

He sold the chief that fire-water,*
And 'cross the river he stole his daughter.

" O, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Across that wide and rolling river."

This was not the only "song," by any means, which was used as a shanty. Dana told us long ago that one of the shanties used in his day was—

" Cheer up, Sam,
Don't let your spirits go down," etc.

which was made familiar to us by the old Christy Minstrels.

* " Fire-water," Indian name for alcohol in any form.

A BOMB-KETCH OF 1780.

H.M.S. "Victory" at Trafalgar.

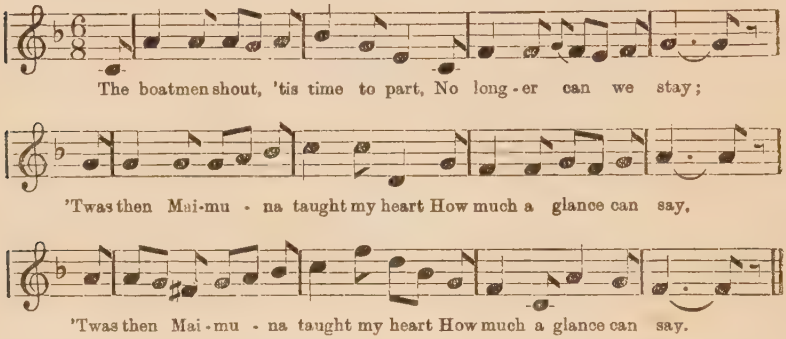
Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.

THE history of our frontispiece is as follows :—The late Captain Owen, J.P., of Stourbridge, had in his possession a sketch made on board the *Temeraire*; with this as a ground work, he took careful photographs of the *Victory*; obtained her sail plan and other details, and then placed the whole in the hands of the well-known marine painter, Mr. Richards; the result is here shown.

It depicts a moment in the most celebrated and pregnant forty minutes in the annals of the Navy. The *Victory*, only just surging ahead in a light breeze, received for this period the raking fire of the ships she was approaching without returning a shot; during that time her bows were badly damaged, her sails riddled, mizen topmast shot away, wheel wrecked, and of her crew twenty were killed and thirty wounded. Then, at last, she broke the allies' line and raked the *Bucentaure*, putting her out of action. Her fore and main royals are lowered to show the flags. At her main flies Nelson's last signal, "Engage the enemy more closely." Her boats are lowered, and towing astern.

Adieu to Maimuna.

ANOTHER of the same class as the preceding, which, down to quite a recent date, was a favourite in American ships, was "Adieu to Maimuna," sung to an old German air, "The Mill Wheel":—


The boatmen shout, 'tis time to part, No long-er can we stay;
'Twas then Mai-mu - na taught my heart How much a glance can say,
'Twas then Mai-mu - na taught my heart How much a glance can say.

With trembling steps to me she came,
  Farewell, she would have cried;
But ere her lips the words could frame,
  In half-formed sounds it died.

Through tear-dimm'd eyes beamed looks of love,
  Her arms she round me flung;
As clings the breeze on sighing grove
  Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embraced the maid,
  My heart with rapture beat,
While she but wept the more and said,
  "Would we had never met!"

THE SHIP "BLENHEIM," 1392 Tons.

[To face page 5.

The "Blenheim."

THIS magnificent vessel, and her sister the *Marlborough*, were probably the finest wooden merchant vessels ever built.

Lieutenant Coates, R.N.R., in his interesting work *The Good Old Days of Shipping*, says: "The firm (Messrs. T. & W. Smith, of Newcastle) increased the size and excellence of their vessels until, in 1846-48, they reached the highest point in the *Marlborough*, 1387 tons, and the *Blenheim*, 1392 tons. These two ships were submitted to a special Government survey, and reported as frigates fit for carrying armaments."

At the time of the great Exhibition of 1851, these two vessels were presented with a set of silk ensigns and house-flags, as being the finest merchant ships in existence.

The *Blenheim* was in the regular passenger and transport business to India *via* the Cape until 1867. In that year, having called at Madras and discharged part cargo, she met with a cyclone on her way up to the Sandheads, which shifted her cargo and dismasted her. She crawled into port under a jury rig, and a tug was sent down to tow her up to Calcutta. She had some 500 tons of railway iron in the bottom of the hold, and the whole of this, with the rest of her cargo, shifted bodily up into the wings, carrying all the 'midship stanchions with it. In spite of this, when the volume of water which had found its way below was pumped out, the fine old vessel, 20 years old, was found to be as tight as a bottle. She was sold to the Indian Government, and from thenceforth did duty as a hulk at the Nicobars. Her sister ship, the *Marlborough*, met a similar fate, going to Gibraltar as a coal hulk.

Homeward Bound.

IN sailing-ship days this song was a prime favourite, and was sung all the world over. In American ships you might hear it begun with :—

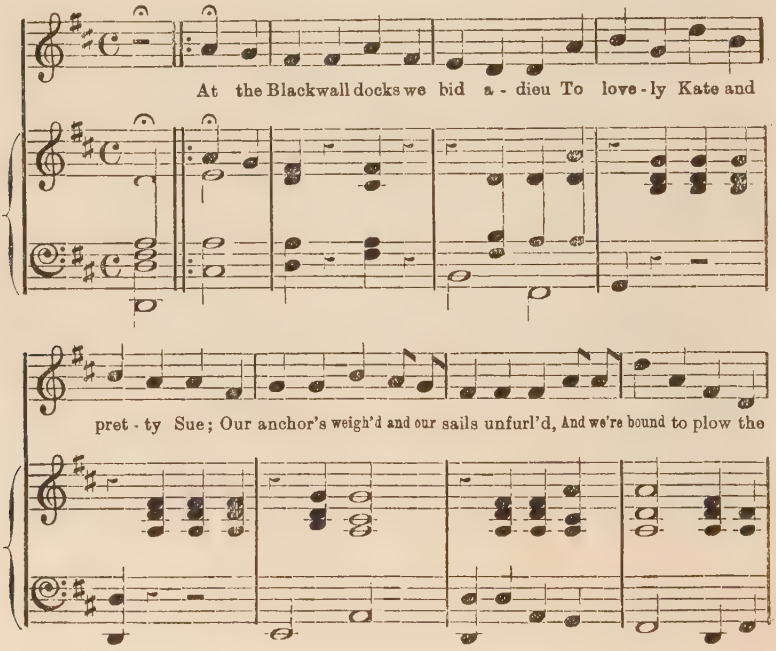
"To Pensacola town I'll bid adieu,
To my lovely Kate and pretty Sue."

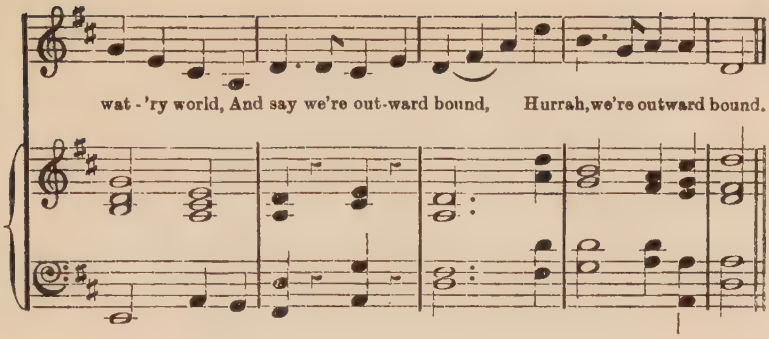
Sunderland "Jamie" would sing—

"At the Sunderland docks I'll bid adieu,"

and so on round all our seaports.

The version here given is the London one. The "Dog and Bell" is probably legendary, for it appears in most versions ; but, whereas the American sang of "Mother Langley," the Londoner sang of "Old Grouse," a celebrity unknown to me ; possibly he, too, was legendary, for "grouse" (to growl) was a common sea word in those days, as it still is in the army. Malabar is evidently chosen for the sake of the rhyme ; any foreign port would have done as well.


At the Blackwall docks we bid a - dieu To love - ly Kate and
pret - ty Sue ; Our anchor's weigh'd and our sails unfurl'd, And we're bound to plow the



The wind it blows from the East-North-East,
Our ship she sails nine knots at least,
Our roaring guns we'll well supply,
And while we have powder never say die.
And say we're outward bound, etc.

And when we get to Malabar,
Or some other port not quite so far,
Our captain will our wants supply,
And while we've grub we'll never say die.
And say we're outward bound, etc.

Then at last our captain comes on board,
Our sails are bent, we're manned and stored,
The Peter's hoisted at the fore,
Good-bye to the girls we'll see no more.
For we are homeward bound, etc.

One day the man on the look-out
Proclaims a sail with a joyful shout.
Can you make her out? I think I can,
She's a pilot standing out from the land.
Hurrah, we're homeward bound, etc.

Now when we get to the Blackwall Docks,
The pretty young girls come down in flocks;
One to the other you'll hear them say,
"O, here comes Jack with his ten months' pay."
For I see you're homeward bound, etc.

And when we get to the Dog and Bell,
It's there they've got good liquor to sell,
In comes old Grouse with a smile,
Saying, " Drink, my boys, it's worth your while."
For I see you're homeward bound, etc.

But when the money's all gone and spent,
And there's none to be borrowed and none to be lent,
In comes old Grouse with a frown,
Saying, " Get up, Jack, let John sit down."
For I see you're outward bound, etc.

Then poor old Jack must understand
There's ships in docks all wanting hands ;
So he goes on board as he did before,
And bids adieu to his native shore.
For he is outward bound, etc.

Rolling Home.

THIS is a rather more modern type of sea song; but it has been a favourite now for so many years that it must be given a place in this collection, though, until the last forty years or so, I do not think it was often heard. There are numerous versions both of words and music: I have one such in an American book of sea songs dated 1876; Mr. Masefield gives another version in his "Garland"; two other versions appeared some time back in the *Shipping Gazette*, and I have still another. I have therefore—legitimately, I think—chosen from all these the lines common to all, and for the rest have taken those that seemed to me the best. The tune I give—out of several variants—is the one familiar to me, though, as I have said, there are others.

Call all hands to man the capstan, See the ca - ble run down
clear, Heave a - way, and with a will, boys, For old Eng - land we will
steer; And we'll sing in joy-ful cho-rus In the watch-es of the

night, And we'll sight the shores of England When the grey dawn brings the
light. Roll - ing home, roll-ing home, roll-ing home a-cross the
sea; Rolling home to dear old England, rolling home, dear land, to thee.

Up aloft amid the rigging,
Blows the loud exulting gale,
Like a bird's wide out-stretched pinions
Spreads on high each swelling sail;
And the wild waves cleft behind us,
Seem to murmur as they flow,
There are loving hearts that wait you
In the land to which you go.
Rolling home, etc.

Many thousand miles behind us,
Many thousand miles before,
Ancient ocean heaves to waft us
To the well-remembered shore.
Cheer up, Jack, bright smiles await you
From the fairest of the fair,
And her loving eyes will greet you
With kind welcomes everywhere.
Rolling home, etc.

BRITISH SLAVER.

"La Pique."

IT has always been cast up in the teeth of the Navy that, after Trafalgar and the death of Lord St. Vincent, warlike matters took a back seat, and a reign of "spit and polish" ensued. Some writers see in this the cause of our defeats in the war of 1812 with America. After Waterloo, a long period of peace began. This country was supreme on the ocean. And once more "spit and polish" reigned. Gunnery was a good deal neglected, and naval seamanship resolved itself into smartness in evolutions aloft and cleaning brass work. Those were the days of reefing topsails in so many seconds, in stripping to a gantline in record time, and so on. The song here given was no doubt composed by some sea lawyer in the *Pique's* crew; she was the flash packet of the Navy in her day. The song was a favourite one in both services, and in the Mercantile Marine an imitation was composed, having for its theme the famous Atlantic packet *Dreadnought*. Kipling gives a verse or two of this in his *Captains Courageous*. No doubt he heard it sung when he went his trip in an American fisherman on the Grand Banks, for the purpose of collecting data for that book. The verses Kipling gives are as follow :—

There is a crack packet—crack packet of fame—
She hails from Noo York an' the *Dreadnought's* her name,
You may talk of your fliers, *Swallow Tail* and *Black Ball*,
But the *Dreadnought's* the packet that can beat them all.

Now the *Dreadnought* she lies in the River Mersey,
Because of the tug-boat to take her to sea,
But when she's off soundings you shortly will know
She's the Liverpool packet—O, Lord, let her go !

Now the *Dreadnought* she's howlin' 'crost the Banks o' Newfoundland,
Where the water's all shallow and the bottom's all sand ;
Sez all the little fishes that swim to and fro,
She's the Liverpool packet—O, Lord, let her go !

This is all that Kipling gives, hinting at a score of other verses. I now give the full version as it used to be sung at sea :—

There's a saucy wild packet—a packet of fame—
She belongs to New York and the *Dreadnought's* her name,
She is bound to the westward where the strong winds do blow,
Bound away in the *Dreadnought* to the westward we'll go.

The time of her sailing is now drawing nigh,
Farewell, pretty maids, I must wish you good-bye,
Farewell to old England, and all we hold dear,
Bound away in the *Dreadnought* to the westward w'ell steer.

H.M.S "PIQUE."

From a print by Brierly. She was a 36-gun frigate, named after a French prize captured by H.M.S. *Blanche*. The date of the song here given is probably about 1838, at which date the *Pique* was notorious for "smartness."

[To face page 12.

O ! the *Dreadnought* is hauling out of Waterloo Dock,
Where the boys and the girls on the pier-head do flock ;
They will give us three cheers while their tears freely flow,
Saying, " God bless the *Dreadnought* where'er she may go."

O ! the *Dreadnought* is waiting in the Mersey so free
For the *Independence* to tow her to sea,
For to round that Rock light where the Mersey does flow,
Bound away in the *Dreadnought* to the westward we'll go.

Now the *Dreadnought's* a-howling down the wild Irish Sea,
Her passengers merry with hearts full of glee.
Her sailors like lions walk the decks to and fro,
She's the Liverpool packet—O, Lord, let her go !

Now the *Dreadnought's* a-sailing the Atlantic so wide,
Where the high roaring seas roll along her black sides ;
With her sails tautly set for the red cross to show,*
She's the Liverpool packet—O, Lord, let her go !

Now the *Dreadnought's* becalmed on the Banks of Newfoundland,
Where the water's so green and the bottom's all sand,
Where those fish of the ocean do swim to and fro—
Bound away in the *Dreadnought* to the westward we'll go.

Now the *Dreadnought's* arri-ved in New York once more,
So go ashore, shipmates, on the land we adore,
With wives and with sweethearts so merry we'll be,
And drink to the *Dreadnought* wherever we be.

Then a health to the *Dreadnought* and to her brave crew,
To bold Captain Samuels and his officers too,
Talk about your flash packets, *Swallow Tail* and *Black Ball*,
The *Dreadnought's* the flier that can lick them all.

This was just the sort of song the old-time sailor loved. A few extra verses were nothing to him, and his audience rejoiced in howling out the last line as chorus. The death of Captain Samuels was lately recorded ; his ship has gone long since.

The song set to music, " *La Pique,*" was the forerunner of this one. A few notes seem to be wanted :—

Verse 3—" Black shows " : I do not know the meaning of this unless it refers to the number painted on each hammock. " All the world over," etc., seems to have been some naval saying now obsolete. An alternate verse three ran—

" Seven turns with your lashings so equal must show,
And all of one size through the hoop they must go."

Each hammock had to be so tightly lashed as to pass through the regulation hoop.

---

* She had a red cross on her fore topsail.

Verse 7—" Pomelins," or " Pomellions," was Jack's name for the cascable, or knob on the breech of a cannon : it is from the French.

Verses 9, 10—A very favourite evolution in old sailing days in all navies. " Trice up " refers to the studding sail booms, which had to be triced up so that the men could " lay out " on the yards.

Oh, 'tis of a fine fri - gate, *La Pique* was her name, All in the West
In - dies she bore a great name; For cru - el bad us - age of
ev - 'ry de - gree, Like slaves in the gal - ley we ploughed the salt sea.

Now at four in the morning our work does begin,
In our 'twixt decks and cock-pit a bucket might swim,
Our fore and main topmen so loud-ly do bawl,
For sand and for holystones both great and small.

Our decks being washed down and swabbed up quite dry,
It's lash up your hammicks our boatswain does cry ;
Our hammicks being lasht up black clews and black shows,
It's " all the world over, and over she goes."

Now, Mr. Macliver, you knows him quite well,
He comes upon deck and he cuts a great swell ;
It's damn your eyes here and it's damn your eyes there,
And strait to the gangway he takes a broad sheer.

Our di-vision officer now takes his rounds,
Not a hole or a spot on your clothes must be found,
For an hour or more in this form we must be,
Our ropes flemished down both in port and at sea.

Divisions being over the next thing comes on,
Jack of Clubs now is calling for swabs in his song,
Three or four dry swabs then each cook they must find,
And the bright copper hoops on our mess-kids must shine.

Our pikes and cutlashes are bright as the sun,
Our shot-racks are copper boys every one,
Our pomelins and handspikes, belaying pins also,
With our bright iron stanchions we cut a fine show.

And now look aloft, my boys, every one,
All hands to make sail going large is the song,
From under two reefs in our topsails we lie,
Like a cloud all our sails in a moment must fly.

And now, my brave boys, comes the best of the fun,
It's hands about ship and reef topsails in one ;
So it's lay aloft, topmen, as the hellum goes down,
And clew down your topsails as the mainyard goes round.

Trice up and lay out and take two reefs in one,
In a moment of time all this work must be done,
So it's man your head braces, your halliards and all,
And hoist away topsails at " Let go and haul."

Now, your quids of tobacco I'd have you to mind,
If you spits upon deck it's your death warrant signed,
If you spits over bow, over gangway, or starn,
You're sure of three dozen just by way of no harm.

So now, brother sailors, wherever you be,
From all fancy frigates I'd have you keep free,
For they'll haze you and work you till you ain't worth a damn,
And send you half dead to your dear native land.

Doo me Ama.

THIS is a good example of a class of song peculiarly the sailor's own, which treated of Jack's successful amours, and in which "maid servants follow him all the world over in what women are often apt to prefer to petticoats (*videlicet*, trousers). 'Mistress's only daughters' pine and die for him. Ladies single him out as an object of devoted attachment. And even princesses deign to bestow their love upon a humble son of Neptune."

As Jack was walk-ing thro' the square, He met a la - dy
and a squire. Now Jack he heard the squire say, To - night with you I
mean to stay. Doo - me a - ma, Din - ghy a - ma, Doo - me a - ma day.

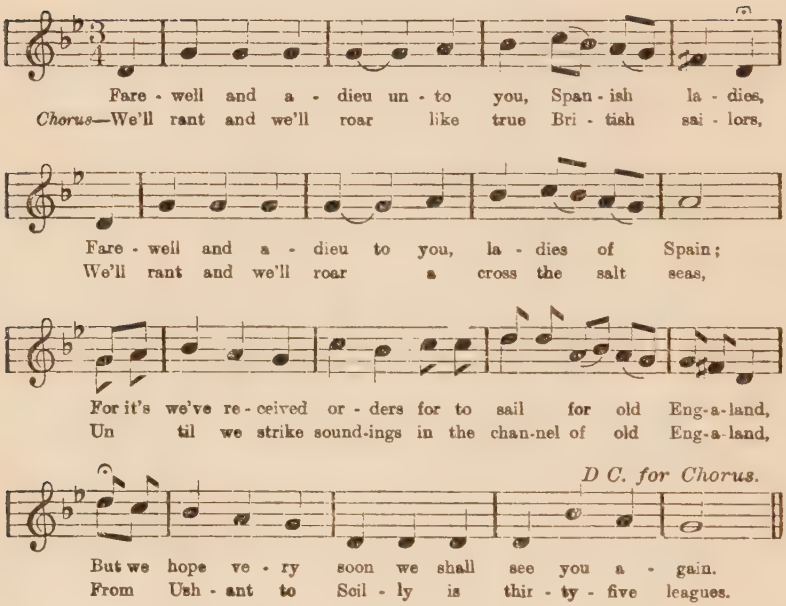
" I will tie a string to my little finger,
And the other end hang out of the window,
Then you must come and pull the string,
I'll come down and let you in."
Doo me ama, etc.

" Damn my eyes," says Jack, " if I do not venture
For to pull the string hanging out of the window."
So Jack he went and pulled the string,
She came down and let him in.
Doo me ama, etc.

" Oh, what is that which smells so tarry ?
I've nothing in the house that's tarry ;
It's a tarry sailor down below,
Kick him out—in the snow."
Doo me ama, etc.

" Oh, what d'you want, you tarry sailor ?
You've come to rob me of my treasure. "
" Oh no," says Jack, " I pulled the string,
You came down and let me in."
Doo me ama, etc.

Farewell and Adieu.


Fare - well and a - dieu un - to you, Span - ish la - dies,
Chorus—We'll rant and we'll roar like true Bri - tish sai - lors,
Fare - well and a - dieu to you, la - dies of Spain;
We'll rant and we'll roar a cross the salt seas,
For it's we've re - ceived or - ders for to sail for old Eng-a-land,
Un til we strike sound-ings in the chan-nel of old Eng-a-land,
D C. for Chorus.
But we hope ve - ry soon we shall see you a - gain.
From Ush - ant to Scil - ly is thir - ty - five leagues.

Then we hove our ship to with the wind at sou'-west, my boys,
We hove our ship to our soundings for to see;
So we rounded and sounded,
And got forty-five fathoms,
We squar-ed our main yard, up channel steered we.

Now the first land we made it is call-ed the Deadman,
Then Ram Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight;
We sail-ed by Beachy,
By Fairlee and Dungeness,
Until we came abreast of the South Foreland Light.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet for to anchor,
All in the Downs that night for to meet ;
Then it's stand by your stoppers,
Let go your shank painters,
Haul all your clew garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

Now let ev-e-ry man toss off a full bumper,
And let every man toss off a full bowl ;
And we'll drink and be merry
And drown melancholy,
Singing, here's a good health to all true-hearted souls.

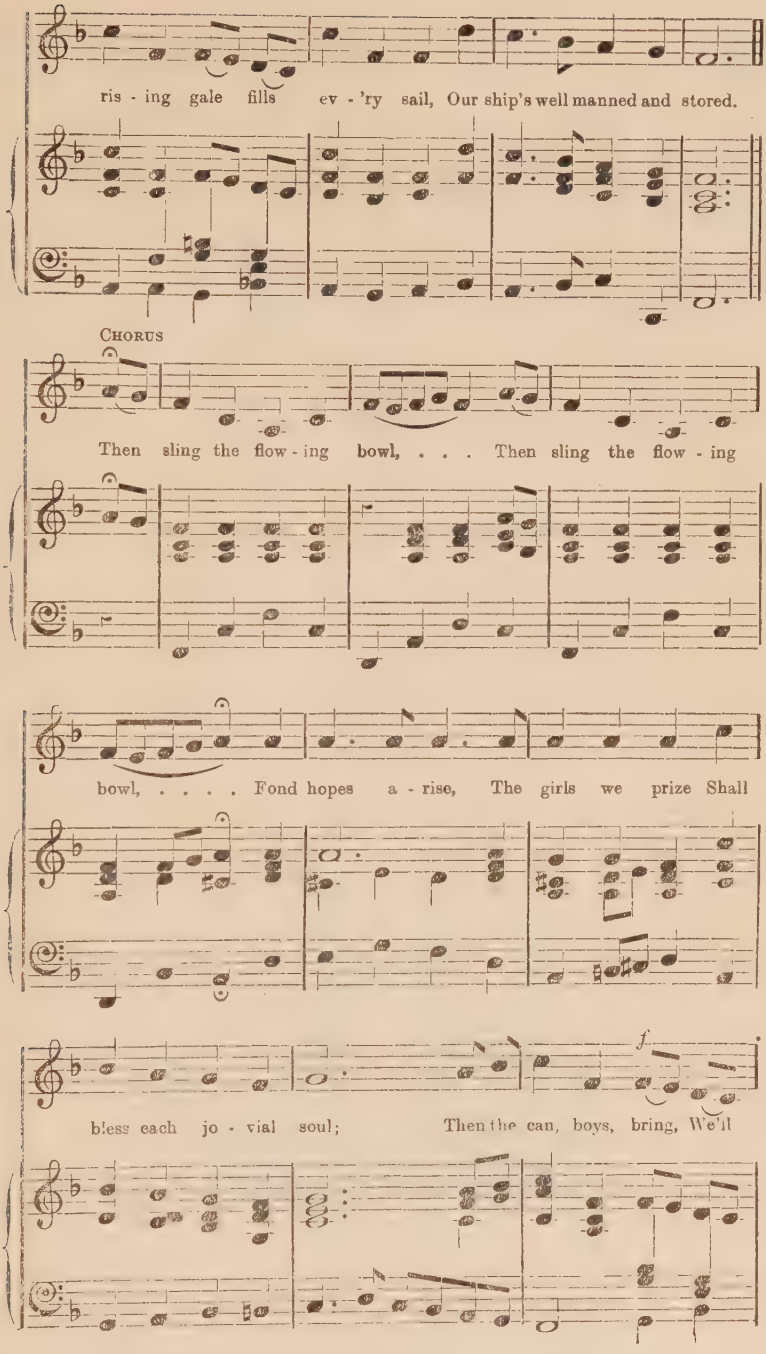
Note.—Deadman and Fairlee are sea names for the Dodman Point near Plymouth and Fairlight Hill near Hastings. Grand Fleet was the old name for the Channel Fleet.

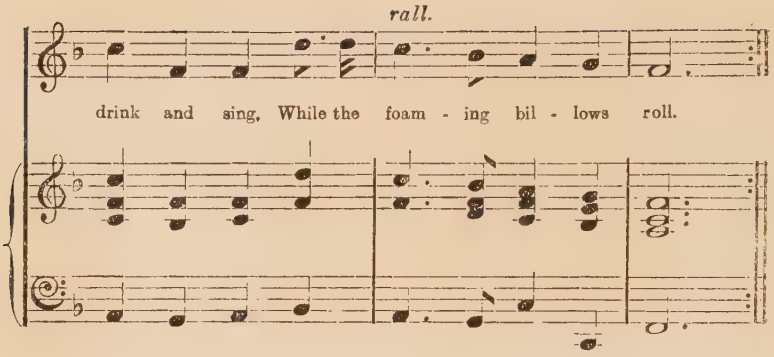
This tune here given is the original one ; there is a modern substitute in a major key with none of the character of this one.

Sling the Flowing Bowl.

THIS famous song may still be heard from the lips of naval seamen. It is said to have been written by Sheridan; but it has always been a favourite with seamen, as is the preceding song, "Farewell and Adieu." Both are full of professional terms, which, though out of date, are every one of them correct, although "haul the boat" sounds strange to modern ears. "Farewell and Adieu" would be spoiled by a harmonised accompaniment; it is a specimen of those songs formerly termed "Come all Ye's" sung in unison, slowly, with long pauses here and there.

Come, come, my jol - ly lads, the wind's a-baft, Brisk gales our sails shall
crowd; Then bus-tle, bus-tle, bus-tle, boys, haul the boat, The
boatswain pipes a - loud. All hands on board, our ship's unmoored, The


ris - ing gale fills ev - 'ry sail, Our ship's well manned and stored.
CHORUS
Then sling the flow - ing bowl, . . . Then sling the flow - ing
bowl, ... Fond hopes a - rise, The girls we prize Shall
f
bless each jo - vial soul; Then the can, boys, bring, We'll



Now, to the Spanish coast we're bound to steer
To see our rights maintained ;
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
Soon we shall see
Old England once again.
From shore to shore
Loud cannons roar,
Our tars shall show the haughty foe
Britannia rules the main.

Chorus—Then sling the flowing bowl, etc.

SHIP OF 1700.

THE THAMES NAUTICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, H.M.S. "WORCESTER."

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.

[To face page 23.

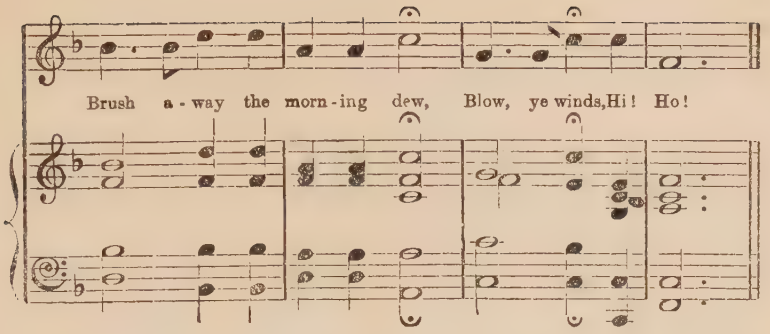
H.M.S. "Worcester."

THE Thames Nautical Training College, H.M.S. *Worcester*, is moored off Greenhithe, Kent, the Captain-Superintendent being Commander D. Wilson-Barker, R.N.R., F.R.S.E., etc. The training-vessel was established in 1862 by a Committee of Shipowners, under the Chairmanship of the late Mr. Richard Green, for the purpose of giving a first-class technical training in Navigation, Nautical Astronomy and Seamanship to youngsters desirous of becoming officers in the Mercantile Marine—a purpose which has been well carried out ever since. The *Worcester* is well kept up in every way ; the method of training followed on board of her embodies both the old and the new ; the staff spare no pains to ensure a thorough training for the future shipmasters of the British Merchant Navy—and the one-time cadets of the noble old ship are under every sky, in many instances holding the highest offices open to the nautical profession. She is managed by an Honorary Committee, comprised of men of light and leading in the commercial and nautical worlds.

Blow Ye Winds, in the Morning.

THIS was a song of the midshipman's berth rather than the forecastle, as was also the song that follows on page 28, "Boston."

As I walked out one sun - ny morn to view the meadows round, I
spied a pret-ty prim-rose lass come tripping o'er the ground, Sing - ing
Blow, ye winds, in the morn - ing, Blow, ye winds, Hi! Ho!



I saddled me an Arab steed and saddled her another,
And off we rode together just like sister and like brother.

We rode along until we came to a field of new-mown hay,
Says she, "Young man, this is the place for men and maids to play."

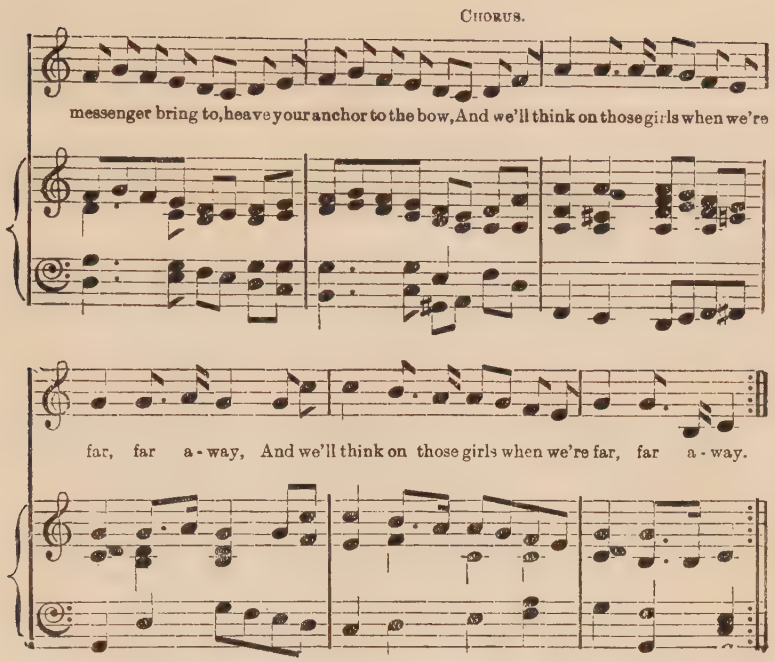
I took her from her Arab steed and gently laid her down,
Says she, "Young man, oh pray take care, you'll spoil my new silk gown."
Etc., etc.

The song is based on a ballad in Percy's *Reliques*, "The Baffled Knight," where the verses I omit may be found.

Unmooring.

THIS is an example of the purely professional song, dear to the old-time sailor, and full of seamanship. It was a favourite with the prime old shellback, and was all the more successful in that it had a good chorus about the girls.

"All hands on board!" our boat - swain cries, His
voice like thun - der roar - ing; "All hands on board!" his
mates re - ply, 'Tis the sig - nal for un - moor - ing. Then your


Chorus.
messenger bring to, heave your anchor to the bow, And we'll think on those girls when we're
far, far a - way, And we'll think on those girls when we're far, far a - way.

Go loose your topsails next he cries,
Top gallant sails and courses,
Your jibs and royals see all clear,
Haul home those sheets, my hearties.
With a light and pleasant gale
We will crowd aloft our sail.
And we'll think, etc.

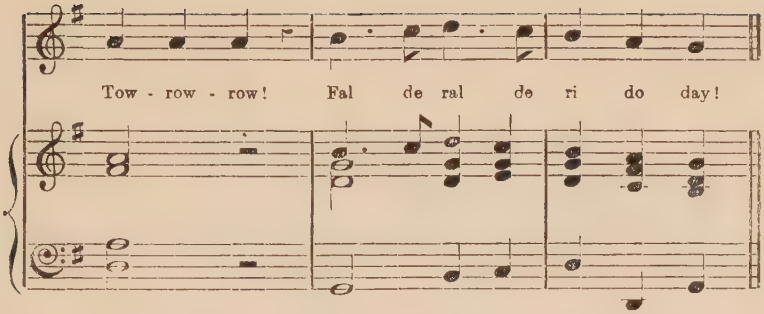
Your anchor's now a-peek, he cries,
Vast heaving, lads, vast heaving,
Your cat and fish now overhaul,
The capstan nimbly leaving.
Then obey your boatswain's call,
Walk away with that cat-fall.
And we'll think, etc.

Farewell to friends, farewell to foes,
Farewell to dear relations,
We're bound across the ocean blue,
Bound for a foreign station.
While we cross the raging main,
The Union Jack we will maintain.
And we'll think, etc.

Boston.

THE origin of the following example is unknown to me. It is evidently the work of a seaman and has, probably, never before appeared in print. I have never met with it. The song goes with a good swing, and was very popular between the years of 1860 and 1870, though now, I fear, it has gone the way of all songs with choruses, and is replaced by music-hall inanities.

From Bos - ton har - bour we set sail, When it was blowing a
devil of a gale, With our ring - tail set all a - baft the mizen peak,
And our Rule Bri - tan - nia ploughing up the deep. With a big Bow-wow!



Up comes the skipper from down below,
And he looks aloft and he looks alow.
And he looks alow and he looks aloft,
And it's " Coil up your ropes, there, fore-and-aft."

Then down to his cabin he quickly crawls,
And unto his steward he loudly bawls,
" Go mix me a glass that will make me cough,
For it's better weather here than it is up aloft."

We poor sailors standing on the deck,
With the blasted rain all a-pouring down our necks ;
Not a drop of grog would he to us afford,
But he damned our eyes at every other word.

Now the old beggar's dead and gone,
Darn his eyes, he's left a son ;
And if to us he doesn't prove frank,
We'll very soon make him walk the plank.

And one thing which we have to crave,
Is that he may have a watery grave,
So we'll heave him down into some dark hole,
Where the sharks'll have his body and the devil have his soul.

The Female Smuggler.

THIS song is essentially a song of the people, not written by a literary poet.

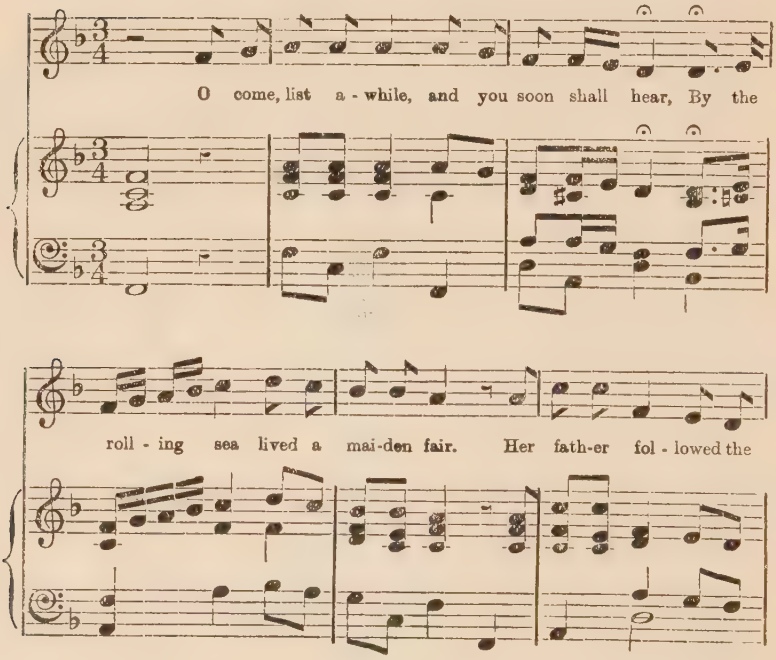
A note or two are necessary :—

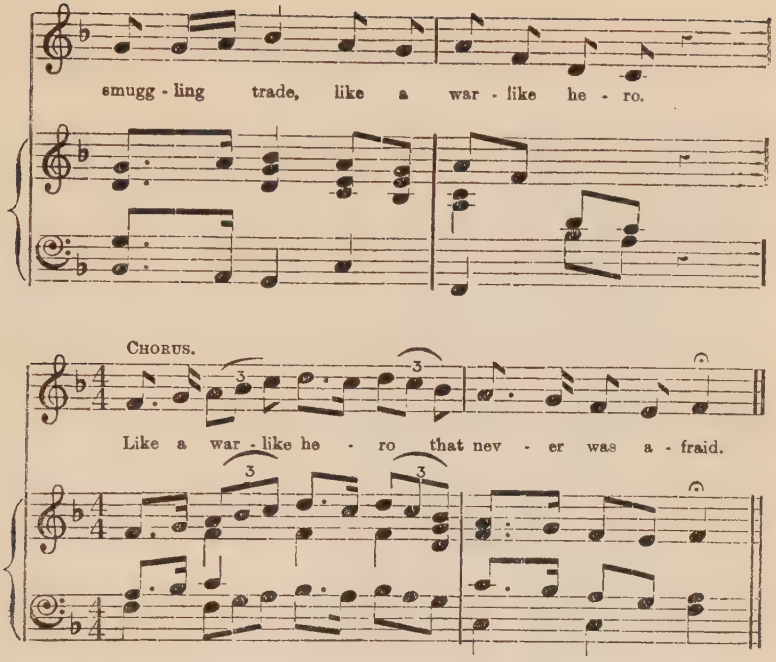
"Now they were followed by the blockade."—"The blockade" was the name by which one of the earliest bodies for the prevention of smuggling was known.

The rank "commodore" is apparently brought in for the sake of a naval title ; the writers of such songs were not at all particular in such matters. For the rest, it was a great favourite at sea.

One word as to the way in which these songs were sung. They, and all like ditties, had a regulation pronunciation which has quite gone out. I give the first verse phrased as an old sailor would have sung it :—

O come list a-whidle adnd you soodn shadll hear ;
By the rodling sea lived a maiden fair.
Her father followed the sum-muggling trade
Like a wardlike hero,
Like a wardlike hero that never was aff-er-aid.





Now, in sailor's clothing young Jane did go,
Dressed like a sailor from top to toe ;
Her aged father was the only care
O this female smuggler,
Of this female smuggler who never did despair.

With her pistols loaded she went aboard.
And by her side hung a glittering sword,
In her belt two daggers ; well armed for war
Was this female smuggler,
Was this female smuggler, who never feared a scar.

Now they had not sail-ed far from the land,
When a strange sail brought them to a stand.
" These are sea robbers," this maid did cry,
" But the female smuggler,
But the female smuggler will conquer or will die."

Alongside, then, this strange vessel came.
" Cheer up," cried Jane, " we will board the same ;
We'll run all chances to rise or fall,"
Cried this female smuggler,
Cried this female smuggler who never feared a ball.

Now they killed those pirates and took their store,
And soon returned to old Eng-a-land's shore.
With a keg of brandy she walked along,
Did this female smuggler,
Did this female smuggler, and sweetly sang a song.

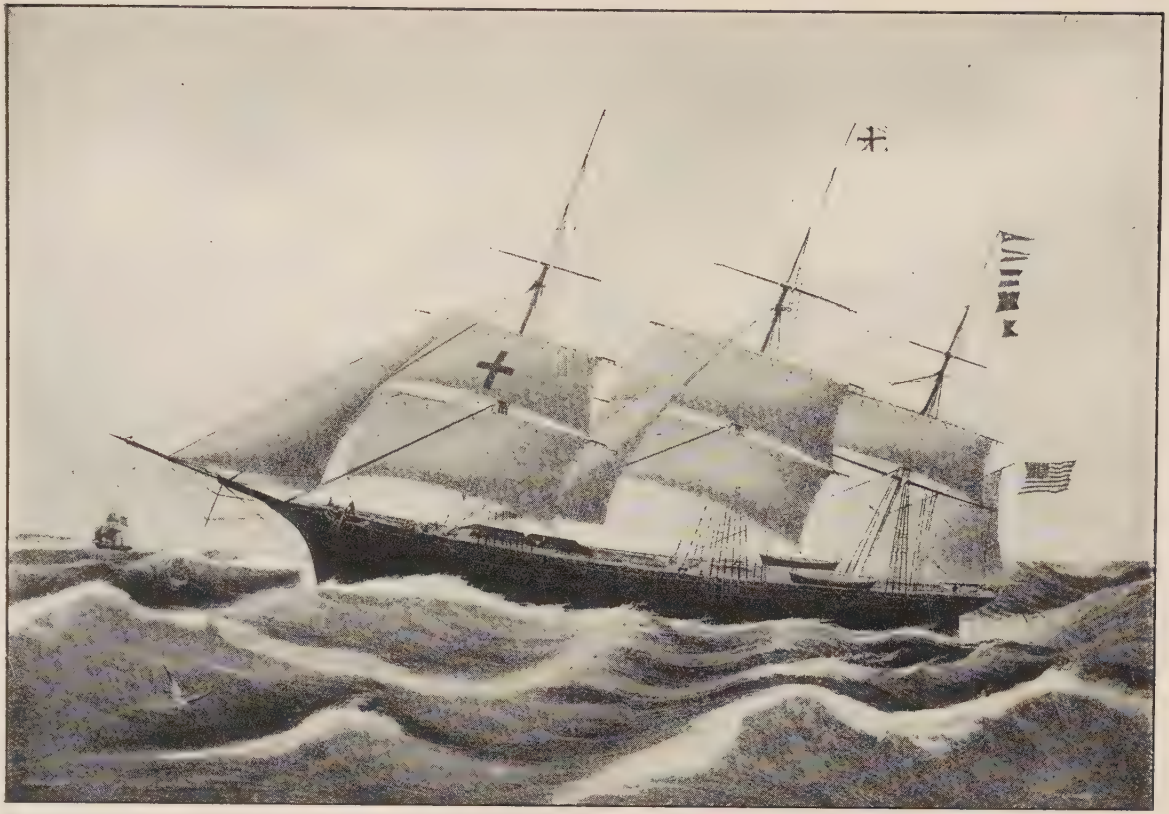
Now they were followed by the blockade,
Who in irons strong did put this fair maid.
But when they brought her for to be ter-ied,
This young female smuggler,
This young female smuggler stood dress-ed like a bride.

Their commodore against her appeared,
And for her life she did greatly fear.
When he did find to his great surprise
'Twas a female smuggler,
'Twas a female smuggler had fought him in disguise.

He to the judge and the jury said,
" I cannot prosecute this maid,
Pardon for her on my knees I crave,
For this female smuggler,
For this female smuggler so valiant and so brave."

Then this commodore to her father went,
To gain her hand he asked his consent.
His consent he gained, so the commodore
And the female smuggler,
And the female smuggler are one for evermore.

GALLEON OF 1529.



"DREADNOUGHT," OFF SANDY HOOK, FEBRUARY 23, 1854, 19 DAYS FROM LIVERPOOL.
(Under reefed courses and double-reefed topsails.)

[To face page 32.

The Voice of Her I Love.

A SERIES of Real Sea Songs would not be complete without a reference to the sentimental song, dear to the old-time sailor, which did not necessarily contain any allusions to sea life. Such were "Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming," and "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still." Possibly these were more common amongst the "idlers" than the seamen, but they were heard at times from the mouth of sailor John himself. The song here given with music, "The Voice of Her I Love," seems to me a good example of this class of song, with, perhaps, more merit in it than most:—

ceive, and deeds by vir - tue crown'd. How sweet to
sit be - neath a tree in some de - light - ful
grove, But ah! more sweet, more dear to
me is the voice of her I love, The voice of

Whene'er she joins the village train,
To hail the new-born day,
Mellifluous notes compose each strain,
Which zephyrs waft away.
The frowns of fate I calmly bear,
In humble sphere I move,
Content and blest whene'er I hear
The voice of her I love.

Come, Loose every Sail to the Breeze.

"LOOSE EVERY SAIL" is another of the sentimental old-fashioned type, which, though not so seriously professional, suited the sailor. It boasts of considerable antiquity, and may be found in the Roxburgh Ballads collection. Marryat gives two verses of it in *Jacob Faithful*.

Come, loose ev - 'ry sail to the breeze, . . The
course of my ves - sel im - prove; I've done with the toils of the
seas, Ye sai - lors, I'm bound to my love.

Chorus.
Ye sai - lors, I'm bound to my love, Ye
sai - lors, I'm bound to my love, I've done with the toils of the
seas, Ye sai - lors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
My griefs I fling all to the wind,
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
My mistress is constant and kind.

Chorus.

My sails are all filled to my dear,
What tropic bird swifter can move?
Who, cruel, shall hold his career,
That returns to the nest of his love.

Chorus.

Then hoist every sail to the breeze,
Come, shipmates, and join in the song;
Let's drink while the ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.

Chorus.

ARAB SLAVER.

THE "SIR LANCELOT."

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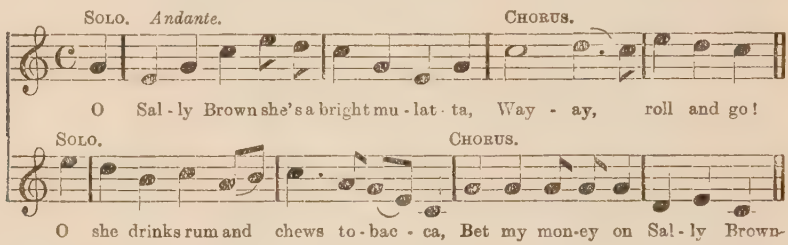
The "Sir Lancelot."

THIS ship was a "composite" built vessel, that is, iron framing with wood planking. She was built by Steele, of Greenock, in 1865. She was 886 tons register; length, 197 feet 6 inches; breadth, 33 feet 7 inches; and depth 21 feet. In her racing days, when under all sail, she spread 45,000 square feet of canvas. She foundered in a cyclone in 1895.

Sally Brown.

THIS song is referred to by Marryat in his account of a visit to America in the '30's, where he went as a passenger in a packet-ship. It was a great favourite when heaving up the anchor, but is not a hauling song. It has no regular story like some of the better shanties, and its musical range is rather large, so that the top notes were always yelled out fortissimo, while the second chorus was low down in the register. It is evidently of negro origin. The verses given are a fair specimen of those generally sung. What the "wild-goose nation" is I do not know; the phrase occurs in other shanties. It is of a somewhat debased type, but that is to be expected in a collection of songs used by rough uneducated men, as sailors were in the old days.


Solo. Andante.
Chorus.
O Sal - ly Brown she's a bright mu - lat - ta, Way - ay, roll and go!
Solo.
Chorus.
O she drinks rum and chews to - bac - ca, Bet my mon-ey on Sal - ly Brown-

Seven long years I courted Sally.
She said, "O boy, why do you dally?"

O Sally Brown, I long to see you!
O Sally Brown, I'll not deceive you!

Sally Brown's a creole lady;
I guess she's got a nigger baby.

O Sally Brown, what is the matter?
Pretty gal, but can't get at her.

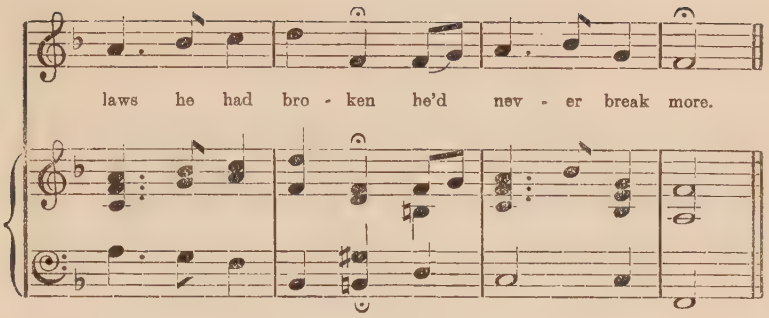
O Sally lives on the old plantation,
A member of the wild-goose nation.

Will Watch.

WILL WATCH, the bold smuggler, was a favourite sea hero fifty years ago. Besides being celebrated in song, he had a play founded on his exploits. The date of this composition I do not know; probably about 1820. It is quoted both by Marryat and Chamier, and I have a version of it in an American song book. I fear it would sound out of place now alongside the music-hall twaddle usually heard; but in the days when a song, to be appreciated at sea, had to be very professional or very sentimental, this one, somewhat combining the two, was a favourite.

One morn when the wind from the north-ward blew keen-ly,
While sul-len-ly roared the big waves of the main,
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kissed his Sue, then se-rene-ly

Took helm, and to sea bold - ly steered out a - gain.
Will had pro - mised his Sue that this trip, if well end - ed,
Should coil up his ropes, and he'd an - chor on shore;
When his pock-ets were lined, why his life should be men - ded, The



His sea-boat was trim—made her port—took her lading,
Then Will stood to sea, reached the offing, and cried,
" This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay—serve a friend too beside."
He lay to till night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail then he piped up all hands ;
But a signal soon spied—'twas a prospect uncheerly,
A signal that warned him to bear from the land.

" The Philistines are out," cries Will, " we'll take no heed on't,
Attacked, who's the man that will flinch from his gun ?
Should my head be blown off I shall ne'er feel the need on't,
We'll fight while we can ; when we can't, boys, we'll run."
Thro' the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing,
" Oh ho ! " cries Will Watch, " the Philistines bear down.
Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we think about sheering,
Our broadside pour in should we swim, boys, or drown."

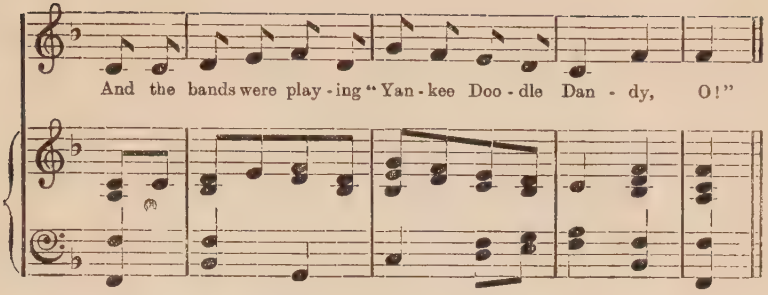
" But should I be popped off, you, my mates left behind me,
Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed.
Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch should be laid."
Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next minute
Laid him low on the deck and he never spoke more ;
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained in it,
Then sheered, and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with,
To few known his grave and to few known his end ;
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with ;
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow,
Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed lawless fellow,
Once feared—now forgot—sleeps in peace with the dead.

"Shannon" and "Chesapeake."

THIS is a song with a history. Sixty years or so ago it was still a favourite. We learn from *Tom Brown's School Days* that it was heard at the Rugby "singings." As I have heard the song myself at sea, it has a right to a place in this collection.

Now the Ches - a - peake so bold sailed from Bos-ton, we've been told,
For to take the Bri - tish fri - gate neat and han - dy, O!
The peo - ple in the port all came out to see the sport,



The British frigate's name,
Which for the purpose came
To cool the Yankee courage
Neat and handy-o,
Was the *Shannon*—Captain Broke,
All her men were hearts of oak.
And at fighting were allowed to be
The dandy-o.

The fight had scarce begun
Ere they flinch-ed from their guns,
Which at first they started working
Neat and handy-o.
Then brave Broke he waved his sword,
Crying, "Now, my lads, aboard,
And we'll stop their playing
Yankee Doodle Dandy-o."

They no sooner heard the word.
Than they quickly jumped aboard,
And hauled down the Yankee colours
Neat and handy-o;
Notwithstanding all their brag,
Now the glorious British flag
At the Yankee mizen peak
Was quite the dandy-o.

Here's a health, brave Broke, to you,
To your officers and crew,
Who aboard the *Shannon* frigate
    Fought so handy-o ;
And may it always prove,
That in fighting and in love,
The British tar for ever
    Is the dandy-o.

The only note that seems necessary is on the word "flinch." In his report of the fight, Broke referred to the fact that the crew of the *Chesapeake* seemed to be "flinching" from their guns ; the word seems to have been a favourite at sea, for it appears in the previous song given ("Will Watch").

It should also be noted that this song is in imitation of a previous American song, commemorating the defeat of the British frigate *Guerriere* by the American *Constitution*. At sea there was a repeat as chorus to each verse, as follows :—

And the bands were playing Yankee Doodle Dandy-o,
The bands were playing Yankee Doodle Dandy-o.
The people in the port all came out to see the sport,
And the bands were playing Yankee Doodle Dandy-o.

AMERICAN FRIGATE "CHESAPEAKE" GOING INTO ACTION.

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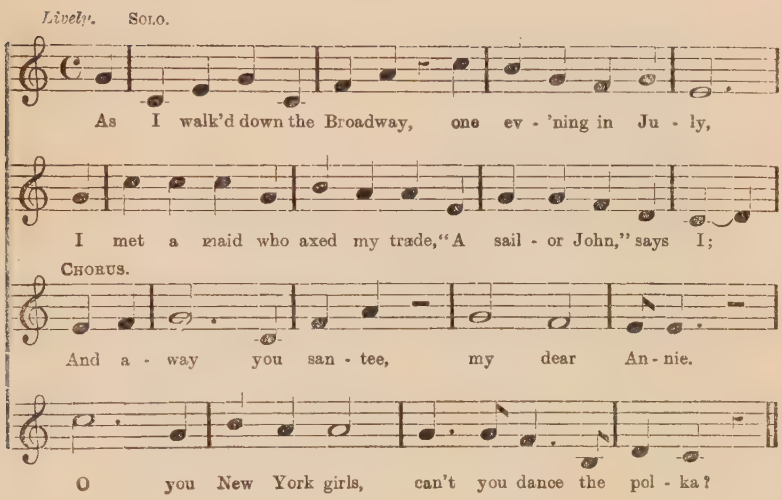
Can't you Dance the Polka?


Lively. SOLO.
As I walk'd down the Broadway, one ev - 'ning in Ju - ly,
I met a maid who axed my trade, "A sail - or John," says I;
CHORUS.
And a - way you san - tee, my dear An - nie.
O you New York girls, can't you dance the pol - ka?

To Tiffany's I took her,
I did not mind expense;
I bought her two gold earrings,
They cost me fifty cents.
Chorus—And a-way, etc.

Says she, "You lime-juice sailor,
Now see me home you may."
But when we reached her cottage-door
She unto me did say—
Chorus—And a-way, etc.

"My flash man he's a Yankee,
With his hair cut short behind;
He wears a tarry jumper,
And he sails in the Black Ball Line."
Chorus—And a-way, etc.

The "Port Jackson."

IT is not too much to say that the *Port Jackson* is one of the most beautiful iron ships ever built—if not the most beautiful of all. She is a four-masted barque, double top-gallant sails at fore main and mizen; royals—no sky sails. Her birthplace was Aberdeen, that home of so many splendid clipper ships, and her builders were Messrs. A. Hall & Co., from whose yard so many well-known ships have come in bygone days. She was built for Mr. William Duthie, of Cairnbulg, who gave the builders practically a free hand, so that she was exceptionally strong and well-built, costing £29,000, and as her register tonnage is 2132, this would represent considerably over £13 a ton, a very long price for a sailing-ship. She came out in 1882.

No such mercantile sailing-ship will ever be built again. She was first commanded by Captain Crombie, whose brother is now harbourmaster at Aberdeen. Under him she did some wonderful work; specially may be mentioned a record passage from Sydney to San Francisco of 39 days, the mail steamer only beating her by 3 days. Her best day's run is stated by Messrs. Devitt & Moore, her present owners, to have been 345 nautical miles in 24 hours, equal, roughly, to 394 English miles. She is also said to hold the record for the greatest distance in 48 hours.

THE "PORT JACKSON," NOW SAILING AS A TRAINING SHIP.

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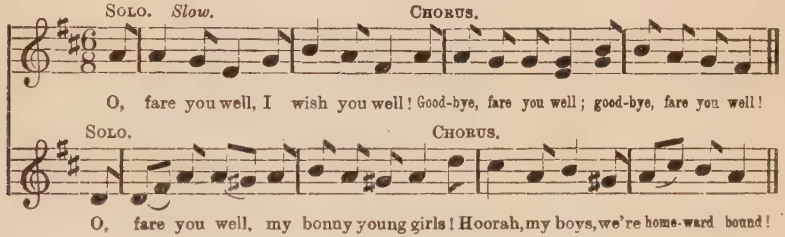
Good-bye, Fare You Well.

THIS was one of the regulation songs when getting up anchor abroad. The reference to the capstan shows that it is at least fifty years old, if not more; for merchant vessels built after that date were nearly all fitted with a windlass—"wilderness" as John always called it.


Solo. Slow.
Chorus.
O, fare you well, I wish you well! Good-bye, fare you well; good-bye, fare you well!
Solo.
Chorus.
O, fare you well, my bonny young girls! Hoorah, my boys, we're home-ward bound!

O, don't you hear our old man say
We're homeward bound this very day?

We're homeward bound, and I hear the sound,
So heave on the capstan and make it spin round.

Our anchor's a-weigh and our sails they are set,
And the girls we are leaving we leave with regret.

She's a flash clipper packet and bound for to go;
With the girls on her tow-rope she cannot say no.

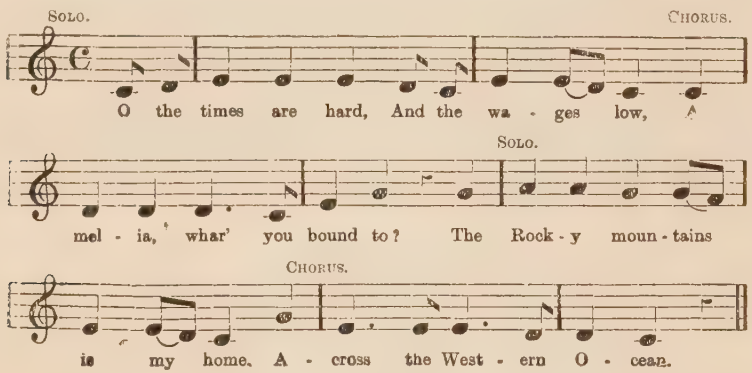
Across the Western Ocean.

ONE of the best-known hauling songs is "Time for us to Leave Her." This shanty was originally "Across the Western Ocean," and seems to have been a favourite with Clark Russell, who mentions it more than once in his novels, though, being no shanty man, he does not give the words. It came out at the time when the old sailing packet-ships were carrying thousands of Irish emigrants across the Atlantic. Its probable date would be about 1850. In later years, when its original words no longer applied, someone took hold of the first line —

"Oh, the times are hard and the wages low,"

which, being retained, led on to the rest.

The tune was too good a one to lose, so new words were fitted. But first the original words may be given.


Solo.
Chorus.
O the times are hard, And the wa - ges low, A
Solo.
mel - ia, whar' you bound to? The Rock - y moun - tains
Chorus.
is my home. A - cross the West - ern O - cean.

That land of promise there you'll see,
Amelia, whar' you bound to?
I'm bound across that western sea,
To join the Irish Army.

To Liverpool I'll take my way,
Amelia, whar' you bound to?
To Liverpool that Yankee school,
A-cross the western ocean.

There's Liverpool Pat with his tarpaulin hat,
Amelia, whar' you bound to?
And Yankee John the packet rat,
A-cross the western ocean.

Beware these packet-ships, I pray,
Amelia, whar' you bound to ?
They steal your stores and clothes away,
A-cross the western ocean.

These are all the verses I can remember ; there were many others, chiefly improvised. The name Amelia was probably O'Melia originally, a typical Irish name.

As to the song in its more modern form, it usually runs—

O, the times are hard and the wages low,
Leave her, bullies, leave her ;
I guess it's time for us to go,
It's *time* for us to leave her.

O, don't you hear our old man say,
Leave her, bullies, leave her ;
To-morrow you will get your pay,
It's *time* for us to leave her.

And so on. The tune, as I have said, is a good one to haul to, and as long as shanties remain it will probably be heard.

The "Red Jacket."

THE *Red Jacket*, here depicted in the ice off Cape Horn, in August, 1854, was a good specimen of the clipper of her day. She was built by G. Thomas, of Rockland, Maine, for Messrs. Seccombe & Taylor, of Boston, in 1853. She was afterwards one of the liners out of Liverpool under the British flag. She is a fading memory, nothing more. Contemporaries of hers were the *Lightning*, *James Baines*, *Donald M'Kay*, *Champion of the Seas*, *Marco Polo*, *Blue Jacket*, and others. With the Blackwall fleet sailing from London, and the celebrated packets sailing from Liverpool "Across the Western Ocean," and to Australia, those times were undoubtedly the palmy days of sail. The tea clippers reached perfection some ten years later.

[Copyright.

"RED JACKET" AMONGST THE ICE OFF CAPE HORN, AUGUST, 1854.

Built by G. Thomas, Rockland, Maine, U.S.A., for Messrs. Seccombe & Taylor, of Boston, in 1853.
Afterwards in the White Star Line, Liverpool.

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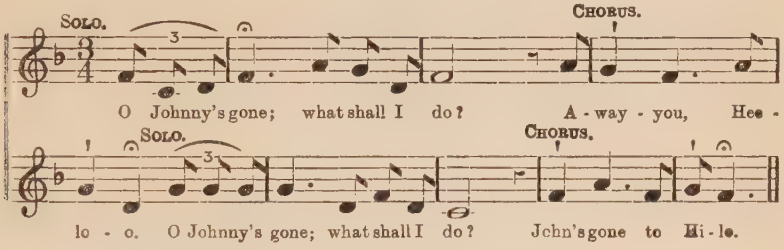
John's Gone to Hilo.

THIS was a favourite hauling song, the pulls being at the accent marks. The reference to Yankee sailors takes us back to the time when our men wore "pumps" or went barefoot, the Americans favouring long sea-boots, the leather inside being tanned red, the top of the boot turning over slightly and showing this. They were not what we now term "top-boots." A good shantyman would take Johnny all round the world to ports with three syllables—Montreal, Rio Grande, Newfoundland, or any such as might occur to him.



O Johnny's gone to Liverpool,
To Liverpool, that Yankee school!

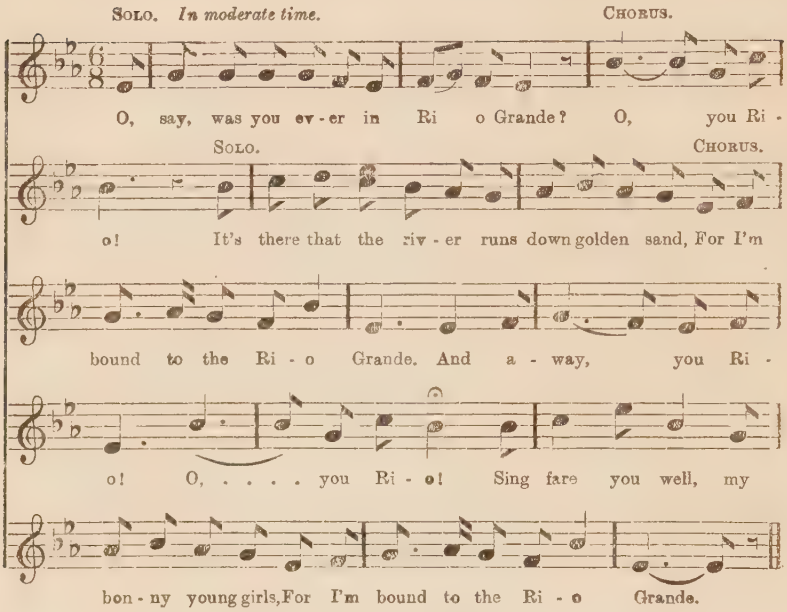
Those Yankee sailors you'll see there
With red top-boots and short-cut hair.

O Johnny's gone to Baltimore
To dance upon that sanded floor!

O Johnny's gone to Callao;
Those Spanish gals he'll see, I know!

O Johnny's gone for evermore!
I'll never see my John no more!

Bound for the Rio Grande.


Solo. In moderate time.
Chorus.
O, say, was you ev-er in Ri o Grande? O, you Ri -
Solo.
Chorus.
o! It's there that the riv-er runs down golden sand, For I'm
bound to the Ri - o Grande. And a - way, you Ri -
o! O, ... you Ri - o! Sing fare you well, my
bon - ny young girls, For I'm bound to the Ri - o Grande.

Now, you Bowery ladies, we'd have you to know,
O, you Rio !
We're bound to the Southward, O Lord, let us go !
For I'm bound to the Rio Grande.
(*Chorus as before*).

So it's pack up your donkey and get under way,
The girls we are leaving can take our half-pay.

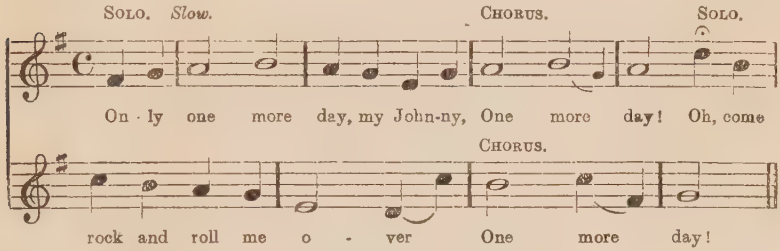
We'll sell our salt cod for molasses and rum,
And get back again 'fore Thanksgiving has come.

And good-bye, fare-you-well, all you ladies of town,
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown.

Thanksgiving Day in America is a day appointed by the President, invariably the last Thursday in November, to give Thanksgiving for the abundant harvest.

One More Day.

THIS is a homeward-bound shanty. It, or "Leave her, bullies, leave her!" was often the last sung before getting ashore. It has a plaintive, somewhat mournful melody, and is a windlass, not a hauling, song.



(*To consecutive verses the whole of this is repeated as* Chorus, *the bars marked being also sung in* Chorus *the first time.*)

Don't you hear the old man roaring, Johnny,
One more day?
Don't you hear that pilot bawling,
One more day?

(*Repeat 1st verse as chorus.*)

Can't you hear those gals a-calling, Johnny,
One more day?
Can't you hear that capstan pawling,
One more day?

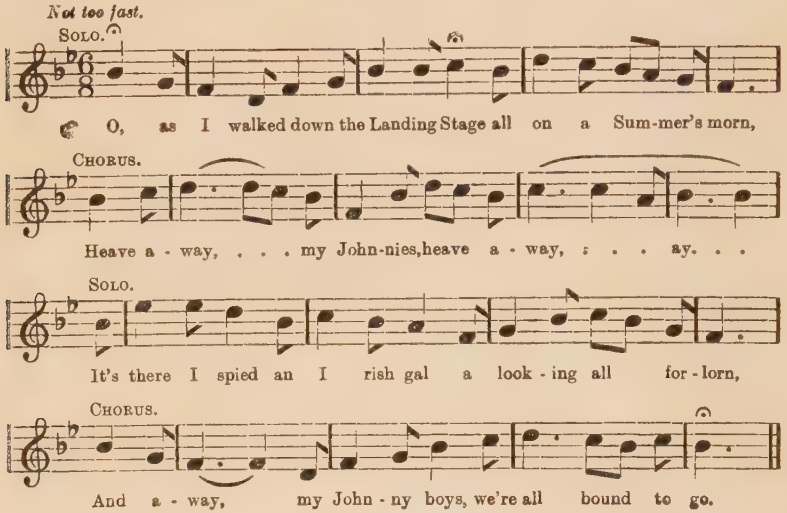
(*Repeat 1st verse.*)

Then put on your long-tailed blue, my Johnny,
One more day.
For your pay is nearly due, Johnny,
One more day.

(*Repeat 1st verse.*)

We're All Bound to Go.

THIS well-known shanty is of Liverpool origin, and its date is, I should surmise, about 1850. Tapscott's ships were in those days well known sailing packets engaged in the North Atlantic emigrant business. The *Henry Clay* was a celebrated vessel of that time, even yet not forgotten. The words given are all I know of the original song; doubtless there was more of it, but these particular verses were well known the world over fifty years ago. It is, of course, a windlass shanty, though used also f r pumping ship.


Not too fast.
Solo.
O, as I walked down the Landing Stage all on a Sum-mer's morn,
Chorus.
Heave a - way, . . . my John-nies, heave a - way, . . . ay. . .
Solo.
It's there I spied an I rish gal a look - ing all for - lorn,
Chorus.
And a - way, my John - ny boys, we're all bound to go.

"O, good morning, Mister Tapscott."
"Good morn, my gal," says he.
"O, it's have you got a packet ship
For to carry me over the sea?"

"Oh, yes, I have a packet ship,
She's called the *Henry Clay*;
She lies down at the North Pier Head
A-taking in her mail."

"Bad luck unto those say-boys,
Bad luck to them, I say;
They broke into me say-chest,
And they stole me clothes away.

"It was at Castle Garden
They landed me on shore,
And if I marry a Yankee boy
I'll cross the says no more."

THE WHITE STAR TRAINING SHIP "MERSEY."

[To face page 56.

Lowlands.

I HAVE tried my best to put this shanty to music, but it is very difficult to get the *time* quite correct; it was more of a recitative than anything else. However, if it is played from the notes given, with strict regard to time and pauses, and in a slow legato style, it will give the song fairly accurately.

It is of American origin and comes from the cotton ports of the old Southern States.

This is, I think, certainly the first time it has been set in the least degree correctly to music. I am aware of two previous attempts, both hopelessly in error.

It is also, like the previous song, a windlass shanty; and it was a favourite for pumping ship.

Slow, quasi recitative.
A
Solo.
Low - lands, Low - lands, A - way, my John, O my old
Chorus.
mo - ther she wrote to me, my dol-lar and a half a day.
P Solo.
Chorus.
She wrote to me to come home from sea, Low - lands, Low -
Solo.
lands, A - way, my John, she wrote to me to come home from
Chorus.
sea,' My dol - lar and a half a day.

(P) *Subsequent Solo verses begin here, but the shanty* always commences *with the Refrain at* (A), *which, the first time, is usually Solo, so that, after the first verse, the song runs from* (P) *to the end and then back to* (P).

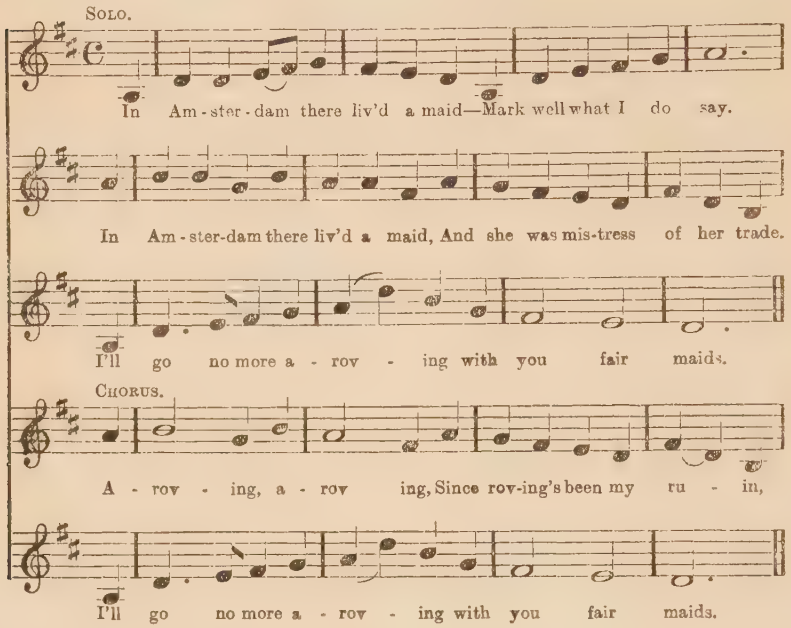
A dollar a day is a Hoosier's pay,
Lowlands, lowlands, a-way, my John,
Yes, a dollar a day is a Hoosier's pay,
My dollar and a half a day.

O was you ever in Mobile Bay,
A screwing cotton by the day?

These are all the regulation verses; after these the shant man must improvise.

A-Roving.

THE motive of this favourite sea song is very old indeed, and appears (in slightly varying forms) in many writings, *e.g.*, in Thomas Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*.


Solo.
In Am-ster-dam there liv'd a maid—Mark well what I do say.
In Am-ster-dam there liv'd a maid, And she was mis-tress of her trade.
I'll go no more a-rov-ing with you fair maids.
Chorus.
A-rov-ing, a-rov ing, Since rov-ing's been my ru-in,
I'll go no more a-rov-ing with you fair maids.

I put my arm around her waist—
Mark well what I do say.
I put my arm around her waist,
Says she, "Young man, you're in great haste!"
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maids.

(*Chorus.*)—A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my ruin,
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maids.

I took that girl upon my knee,
Says she, "Young man, you're rather free!"
Etc., etc.

SCHOOL SHIP H.M.S. "CONWAY." Commander: Lieut. H. W. Broadbent, R.N.R.

[To face page 59.

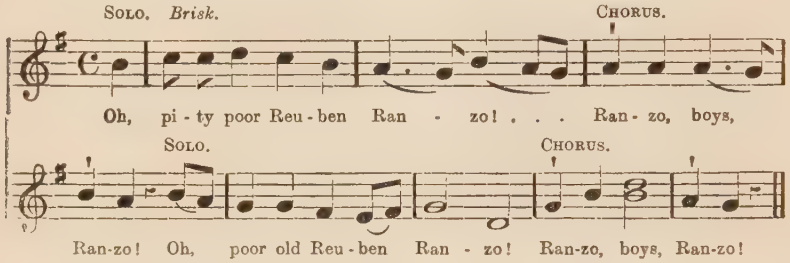
The Cadet School Ship "Conway."

IN the summer of 1859, the first *Conway* took up her position in the Mersey, off Rock Ferry. She was a small 28-gun frigate, and started with 40 cadets. But ere two years had passed she was found to be too small to meet efficiently the demands that were being made upon her. These two years had convinced the Government of the value of such an Institution to the nation, and so, when in the year 1861 a request for a larger ship was made by the *Conway* Committee, it was readily granted. The 51-gun frigate *Winchester* came to the Mersey, and the Admiralty, recognising the desirability of preserving the continuity of the name by which the Institution had in two short years become so well and widely known, raised no objection to her being re-christened, and the *Winchester* became the second *Conway*. She served her generation well; but it was not long before she, too, came to be too small for the greatly increased numbers who sought to take advantage of the training given on board of her. In 1875 application was made to the Admiralty for a still larger vessel, and the battleship *Nile* was sent. She in her turn was re-christened *Conway*, and is with us still, officially known as the "School-ship H.M.S. *Conway* for the training of officers in the Mercantile Marine and the Royal Navy."

The Board of Trade recognise two years' time on the *Conway* as one year's sea service, and the Admiralty grants annually six nominations as Cadets at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and ten nominations as Midshipmen in the Royal Naval Reserve.

Reuben Ranzo.

THIS was—and I daresay is—a well-known shanty. Either Bret Harte or Mark Twain—I forget which—has a character, an old skipper, who is fond of singing about the trials of a certain "Lorenzo." Whether this was the original name I do not know. But as far back as fifty years ago it was plain "Ranzo." Lorenzo it might have been, for Yankee whalers took a large number of their men from the Azores, men of Portuguese descent, among whom "Lorenzo" would have been a common name enough. In the days I speak of, the shanty was always sung to the regulation words, and, when the story was finished, there was no attempt at improvisation; the text was, I suppose, considered sacred. I never heard any variation from the words here given.



O Ranzo was no sailor,
He shipped on board of a whaler.

And he could not do his duty,
So they took him to the gangway.

And they gave him nine-and-thirty,
Yes, lashes nine-and-thirty.

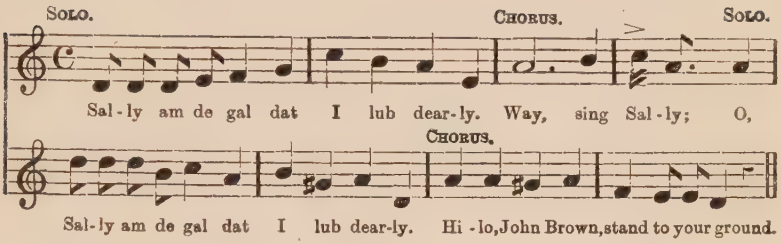
Now, the captain being a good man,
He took him in the cabin.

And he gave him wine and water,
Rube kissed the captain's daughter.

He taught him navigation
To fit him for his station.

Now, Ranzo he's a sailor,
He's chief mate of that whaler.

Stand to your Ground.


Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
Sal-ly am de gal dat I lub dear-ly. Way, sing Sal-ly; O,
Chorus.
Sal-ly am de gal dat I lub dear-ly. Hi-lo, John Brown, stand to your ground.

Sally am de gal dat I love dearly,
  Wa—ay—sing, Sally ;
Her cheek so red an' her hair so curly,
  Hi-lo, John Brown, stand to your ground.

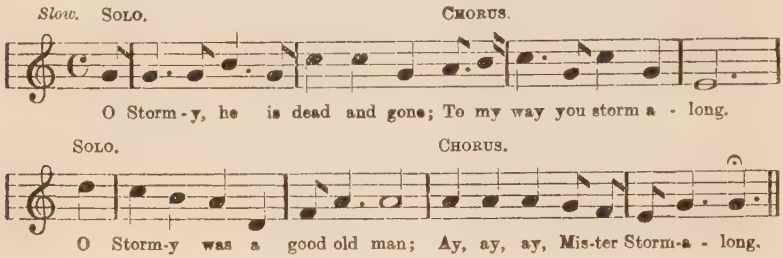
Sally she a 'Badian bright mulatto ;
Seven long year I courted Sally.

Stand to your ground and walk him up lively,
Or de mate come around a dingin' an' a dangin'.

Nebber min' de weather, but keep yo' legs togedder,
Fair land o' Canaan soon be a-showing.

Stormalong.

A VERY favourite old shanty and full of character, particularly in the tune. The usual words are given here; seldom was any attempt made at improvisation.


Slow. Solo. Chorus.
O Storm-y, he is dead and gone; To my way you storm a - long.
Solo. Chorus.
O Storm-y was a good old man; Ay, ay, ay, Mis-ter Storm-a - long.

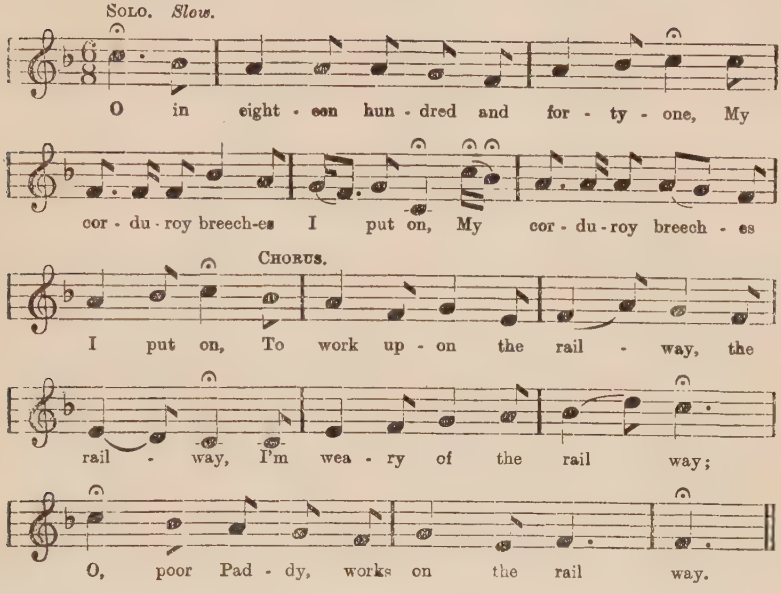
We'll dig his grave with a silver spade,
And lower him down with a golden chain.

I wish I was old Stormy's son,
I'd build a ship of a thousand ton.

I'd fill her with New England rum,
And all my shell-backs they'd have some.

O Stormy's dead and gone to rest,
Of all the sailors he was best.

Poor Paddy Works on the Railway.


Solo. Slow.
O in eight - een hun - dred and for - ty - one, My
cor - du - roy breech-es I put on, My cor - du - roy breech - es
Chorus.
I put on, To work up - on the rail - way, the
rail - way, I'm wea - ry of the rail way;
O, poor Pad - dy, works on the rail way.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two
I did not know what I should do.

In eighteen hundred and forty-three
I sailed away across the sea.

In eighteen hundred and forty-four
I landed on Columbia's shore.

In eighteen hundred and forty-five
When Daniel O'Connel he was alive.

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
I changed my trade to carrying bricks.

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to heaven.

The "Victoria"—A Packet Ship of 1844.

THIS was, in her day, a celebrated vessel, named after our late Queen, who honoured her by a visit. She was 1000 tons, one of the largest sailing-ships afloat. At that date Atlantic steam had only existed four years, and the packet-ships of New York, London, and Liverpool, with the "extreme" clippers then coming into vogue to sail against the new-fangled steamers, carried the bulk of the passengers, most of the emigrants, and more than two-thirds of the freight.

It will be noticed that the *Victoria's* studding sail booms rig in below the yards, not, as was more usual, above. In the Royal Service the booms were always above, and, in reefing, had to be triced up to the topsail tie. This ship, too, was before "Howe's rig" of double topsails. She also carries one large jib. Her fore braces have the old man-o'-war lead to the main trestle-trees, but her main topmast stays have the, then, new lead to the deck instead of to the fore top. The driver is bent to a trysail mast, not to hoops round the mizen mast, and she has fore and main spencer gaffs.

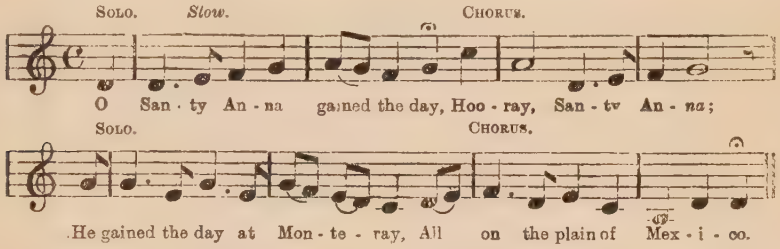
THE NEW YORK AND LONDON PACKET SHIP, "VICTORIA," E. E. MORGAN, COMMANDER, ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOUR, 1845.

[To face page 64.

The Plains of Mexico.

SANTA ANNA, the hero of this shanty, was the last President of Mexico before the greater part of the country, comprising Alta-California, New Mexico, and Texas, was grabbed by the United States.

The shanty commemorates the defeat of the patriots under Santa Anna at Molina del Rey by the United States Army under General Taylor in 1847. California turned out to be full of gold, San Francisco grew rapidly into a great city, and Taylor became President of the United States. Santa Anna was permitted to retire to Jamaica. General Taylor's name is seldom heard in the shanty, and historical accuracy is thrown to the winds.


Solo. Slow. Chorus.
O San - ty An - na gained the day, Hoo - ray, San - ty An - na;
Solo. Chorus.
He gained the day at Mon - te - ray, All on the plain of Mex - i - co.

And Gin'ral Taylor run away,
He ran away at Monteray.

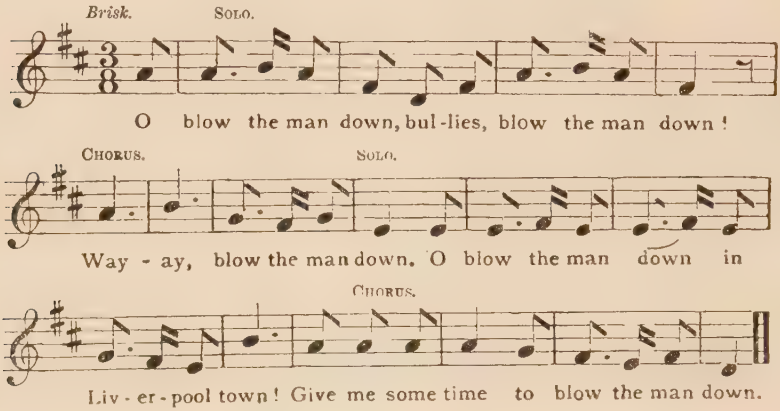
Accurately and originally, according to an American song-book in my possession, the words gave a truer historical version, thus :—

General Taylor gained the day,
And Santa Anna ran away.

But your shanty man does not consider these niceties.

Blow the Man Down.

THIS comes from the old Atlantic sailing packet ships. "Blow" in those days was equivalent to "knock." The third mate in those ships was endearingly termed the third "blower and striker," the second mate being the "greaser."


Brisk.
Solo.
O blow the man down, bul-lies, blow the man down!
Chorus.
Solo.
Way - ay, blow the man down. O blow the man down in
Chorus.
Liv - er - pool town! Give me some time to blow the man down.

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,
A saucy young p'liceman I happened to meet.

Says he, "You're a Black Baller by the cut of your hair,
I know you're a Black Baller by the clothes that you wear.

"You've sailed in a packet that flies the Black Ball,
You've robbed some poor Dutchman of boots, clothes and all."

"O p'liceman, O p'liceman, you do me great wrong,
I'm a 'Flying Fish sailor' just home from Hong Kong."

They gave me three months in Walton Jail
For booting and kicking and blowing him down.

There was another set of words to this shanty, which went as follows :—

Come all you young fellows that follow the sea,
Now pray pay attention and listen to me.

'Twas aboard a Black Baller I first served my time,
And in that Black Baller I wasted my prime.

'Tis when a Black Baller's preparing for sea,
You'd split your sides laughing the sights you would see.

At the tinkers and tailors and sodjers and all,
Who ship for prime seamen on board a " Black Ball."

'Tis when the Black Baller is clear of the land,
The boatswain then bawls out the word of command.

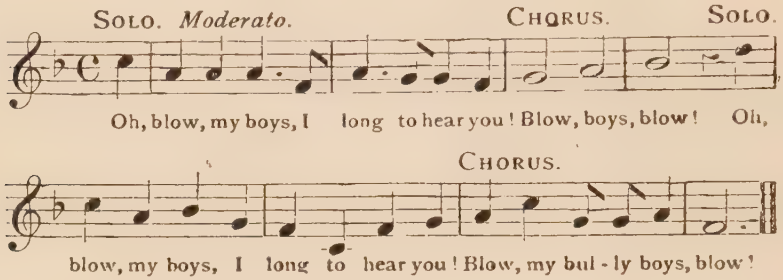
" Lay aft " is the cry, " to the break of the poop,
Or I'll help you along with the toe of my boot."

'Tis larboard and starboard on deck you will sprawl,
For kicking " Jack Williams " commands that " Black Ball."

The original versions are quite forgotten by seamen of to-day, though the tune and chorus remain.

Blow, Boys, Blow.

IT is plain that this was of West African origin, treating of the days of slavers, and is therefore at least sixty years old—probably more. The skipper's name was often changed ; I have heard "Bully Semmes of Alabama," or "One-eyed Kelly the Bowery Runner." For many years now shantymen have begun at the verse "A Yankee ship comes down the river," but in earlier days it began as written here.


Solo. *Moderato.*
Chorus.
Solo.
Oh, blow, my boys, I long to hear you! Blow, boys, blow! Oh,
Chorus.
blow, my boys, I long to hear you! Blow, my bul - ly boys, blow!

O was you ever in Congo River?
O, yes, I've been in the Congo River.

O Congo she's a mighty river,
Where fever makes the white man shiver.

O yonder comes the *Arrow* packet,
She fires a gun, don't you hear the racket?

O yonder comes a Creole lady,
I'm sure she's got a nigger baby.

A Yankee ship comes down the river,
Her masts and yards they shine like silver.

And how d'ye know she's a Yankee clipper?
By the stars and bars that fly above her.

And who d'ye think's the skipper of her?
Why, "Holy Joe," the nigger lover.

And who d'ye think's the chief mate of her?
Why, Boss-Eyed Bill, the Bowery Runner.

And what d'ye think they've got for cargo?
Why, "black sheep" that have run the embargo.

And what d'ye think they get for dinner?
Why, bullock's heart and donkey's liver.

O blow, my boys, and blow for ever,
O blow me down to the Congo River.

The Whale.

THE following is a genuine Sea Song, and was a prime favourite fifty years or so ago among the old-fashioned sailors.

O, 'twas in the year of nine-ty-four, and of June the
se-cond day, That our gal-lant ship her anchor weighed, and from
Stromness bore a-way, brave boys! And from Stromness bore a-way!

Now Speedicut was our captain's name,
And our ship the *Lion* bold,
And we were bound to far Greenland,
To the land of ice and cold—brave boys,
To the land of ice and cold.

And when we came to far Greenland,
And to Greenland cold came we,
Where there's ice, and there's snow, and the whalefishes blow,
We found all open sea—brave boys,
We found all open sea.

Then the mate he climbed to the crow's nest high,
With his spy-glass in his hand,
" There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whalefish," he cried,
" And she blows at every span "—brave boys,
She blows at every span.

Our captain stood on his quarter-deck,
And a fine little man was he.
" Overhaul, overhaul, on your davit tackle fall,
And launch your boats to the sea "—brave boys
And launch your boats to the sea.

Now the boats were launched and the men a-board,
With the whalefish full in view ;
Resol-ved were the whole boats' crews
To steer where the whalefish blew—brave boys,
To steer where the whalefish blew.

And when we reached that whale, my boys,
He lashed out with his tail,
And we lost a boat, and seven good men,
And we never caught that whale—brave boys,
And we never caught that whale.

Bad news, bad news, to our captain came,
That grieved him very sore,
But when he found that his cabin-boy was gone,
Why it grieved him ten times more—brave boys,
It grieved him ten times more.

O, Greenland is an awful place,
Where the daylight's seldom seen,
Where there's ice, and there's snow, and the whalefishes blow,
Then adieu to cold Greenland—brave boys,
Adieu to cold Greenland.

" Span " was the technical word denoting the distance from one rise of the whale to the next ; the whale " blew " every time it came to the surface.

I have forgotten the name of the captain in the song as I heard it, and have taken the name given by Mr. Masefield in his version, although otherwise my words differ from his. With the old Scottish whalemen it was always " whalefish," not merely " whale." In this they followed the Dutch fishermen, whose term was " walfisch." It is the same in German.

The Fishes.

THIS, and the previous song, "The Whale," probably owed much of their popularity to the good chorus. This song gave a good opportunity to the improviser. Even if he got off the beaten track it did not matter much, as *any* verse gave an opportunity for chorus. Out of many such I remember hearing—

"The next came the conger as long as a mile,
He gave a broad grin and continued to smile."

Sometimes the improviser broke down, but the chorus promptly chipped in and saved the situation.

Oh, a ship she was rigg'd, and rea - dy for sea, And
all of her sail-ors were fish - es to be. Wind - y weather!
Storm - y weather! When the wind blows we're all to - ge - ther.

A variant to the chorus was—

Blow ye winds westerly, gentle south-westerly,
Blow ye winds westerly—steady she go-es.

O, the first came the herring, the king of the sea,
He jumped on the poop, " I'll be captain," said he.

The next was a flat-fish, they call him the skate,
" If you be the captain, why, sure, I'm the mate."

The next came the hake, as black as a rook,
Says he, " I'm no sailor, I'll ship as the cook."

The next came the shark, with his two rows of teeth,
" Cook, mind the cabbage and I'll mind the beef."

And then came the codfish, with his chuckle-head,
He jumped in the chains : began heaving the lead.

The next came the flounder, as flat as the ground,
" Chuckle-head, damn your eyes, mind how you sound."

The next comes the mack'rel, with his stri-ped back,
He jumped to the waist for to board the main tack.

And then came the sprat, the smallest of all,
He jumped on the poop, and cried, " main topsail haul."

and so on.

It was sometimes sung this way, each man in turn taking a verse, and expected to give a new fish each time. In later days it has been used as a shanty to the tune of " Blow the man down," and using the original chorus of that Black Ball Line song.

Admiral Benbow.

"ADMIRAL BENBOW" was for long a favourite with naval seamen, and I have no doubt that some old pensioners might yet be found who could sing it. It treats of a well-known occurrence in our Naval History:—

O we sailed to Vir - gin - i - a, and thence to Fy - al,
Where we watered our ship - ping and then weigh - ed all.
Then in view on the seas, boys, sev-en sail we did e - spy:

Now the first we came up with was a brigantine sloop,
And we asked if the others were as big as they looked,
Then turning to windward as near as we could lie,
We found there was ten men-o'-war a-cruising thereby.

O, we drew up our squadron in a very nice line,
And boldly we fought them for full four hours' time ;
Then the day being spent, boys, and the night coming on,
We left them alone till the very next morn.

The very next morn the engagement proved hot,
And brave Admiral Benbow received a chance shot.
And when he was wounded, to his men he did say,
" Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me away."

O, the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
But Admiral Benbow for help would not cry.
" Take me down to the cockpit, there is ease for my smarts,
If my merry men see me it will sure break their hearts."

And there Captain Kirby proved a coward at last,
And with Wade played at bo-peep behind the mainmast ;
And there they did stand, boys, and shiver and shake,
For fear that those French dogs their lives they should take.

The very next morning, at the break of the day,
They hoisted their topsails and so bore away.
We bore up for Port Royal, where the people flocked much
To see Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston Church.

Come all you brave fellows, wherever you be,
And drink to the health of our King and our Queen,
And another good health to the girls that we know,
And a third for remembrance of brave Admiral Benbow.

There was another celebrated old song made upon this fight, which used to be sung to the same tune as "Captain Kidd," and went as follows :—

O come all ye seamen bold, lend an ear, lend an ear,
O come all ye seamen bold, lend an ear,
'Tis of our admiral's fame,
Brave Benbow was his name,
And how he fought upon the main, you shall hear, you shall hear,
How he fought upon the main you shall hear.

(The repeats are in the same place in each verse.)

Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight,
Brave Benbow he set sail,
In a brisk and pleasant gale,
But his captains they turned tail in a fright.

Says Kirby unto Wade, "I will run,
I value not disgrace
Nor the losing of my place,
For the Frenchmen I'll not face with a gun."

'Twas the *Ruby* and *Noah's Ark* fought the French,
For there was ten in all,
Poor souls, they fought them all ;
They valued them not at all nor their noise.

Unfortunate it was by chance shot
Our admiral lost his leg,
Unto his men did beg,
"Fight on, my brave boys, 'tis my lot."

When the surgeon dressed his wound, then he cried,
"Let my cradle now in haste
On my quarter deck be placed
That my enemies I may face till I'm dead."

Noah's Ark is probably a nickname for one of the older and out-of-date ships in the fleet, perhaps the *Bredagh*, which was one of Charles II.'s fleet.

The "Flying Cloud."

AS far as official, properly authenticated records go, this was one of the fastest ships that ever floated. She was built by Donald M'Kay, of East Boston, U.S., in 1851. Her dimensions as then given were :—

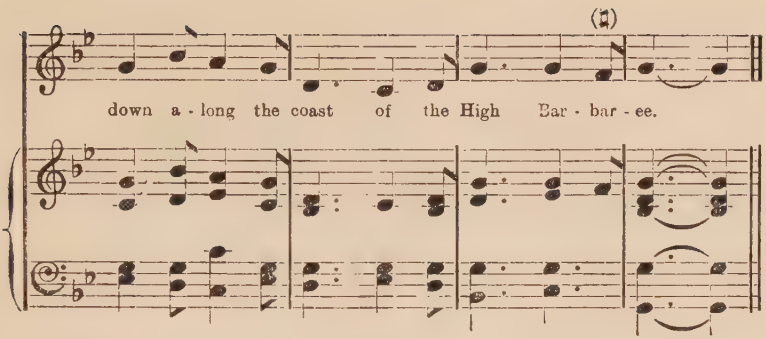
Length of keel,	208	feet.
Length of deck,	225	,,
Length over all from knight heads to taffrail,	235	,,
Extreme breadth of beam,	41	,,
Depth of hold,	21½	,,
Tonnage per register,	1750	,,

The *Flying Cloud* only beats by a very narrow margin the equally celebrated *Sovereign of the Seas* from the same yard. Her day's run of 374 knots from noon to noon, taken from her log by Lieutenant Maury, and carefully corrected for longitude, is her best record. Maury gives the equivalent in land miles as 433.2 statute miles, and correcting this for her day (which was 24 hours, 19 minutes, 4 seconds), estimates it as equal to 427.5 statute miles for 24 hours. The *Flying Cloud* is credited with many remarkable passages ; for example, New York to San Francisco in 84 days.

High Barbaree.

"HIGH BARBAREE" used to be heard even so late as fifty years ago, and was sung both in English and American ships. There is a curious variant to the ship's names in the song, one version giving *Prince of Luther* as the name of the first vessel, another *Prince Rupert*; which is right I do not know.

There were two loft - y ships from old Eng-land came, Blow
high, blow low, and so sailed we: One
was the *Prince of Lu - ther,* and the oth - er *Prince of Wales,* Cruis-ing



" Aloft there, aloft ! " our jolly boatswain cries,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
" Look ahead, look astern, look a-weather and a-lee,
Look along down the coast of the High Barbaree."

" There's nought upon the stern, there's nought upon the lee,"
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
" But there's a lofty ship to windward, and she's sailing fast and free,
Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree."

" O hail her, O hail her," our gallant captain cried,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
" Are you a man-o'-war or a privateer," said he,
" Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree ? "

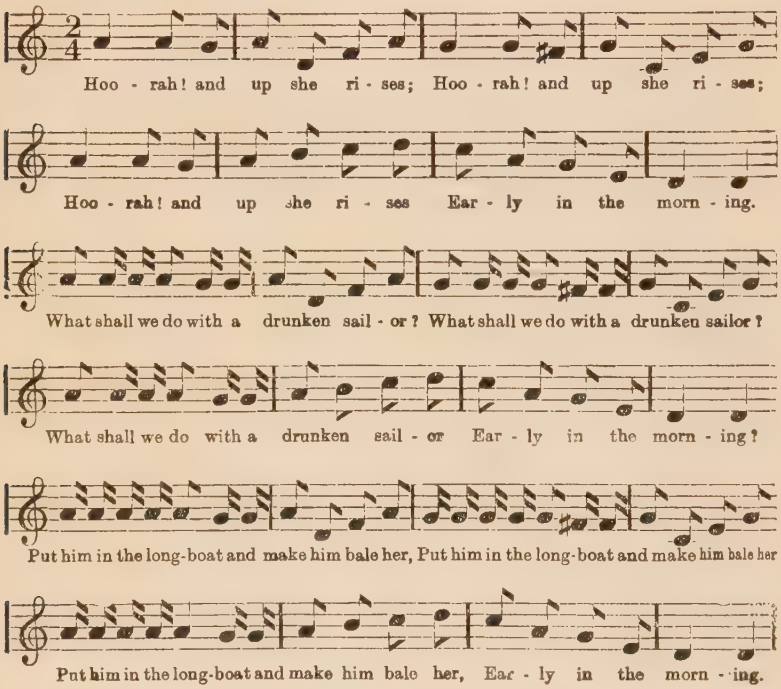
" O, I am not a man-o'-war nor privateer," said he,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
" But I'm a salt-sea pirate a-looking for my fee,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree."

O, 'twas broadside to broadside a long time we lay,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
Until the *Prince of Luther* shot the pirate's masts away,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

" O quarter, O quarter," those pirates then did cry,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we ;
But the quarter that we gave them—we sunk them in the sea,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

Early in the Morning.

IT is generally supposed that shantying was never allowed in the Royal Service; this is not quite correct, as this song and "Cheer'ly Man" were sometimes allowed, particularly in revenue cutters and similar craft, and *sotto voce* in larger vessels. Both songs were used in the old Indiamen of "John Company."


Lively. ALL CHORUS.
Hoo - rah! and up she ri - ses; Hoo - rah! and up she ri - ses;
Hoo - rah! and up she ri - ses Ear - ly in the morn - ing.
What shall we do with a drunken sail - or? What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sail - or Ear - ly in the morn - ing?
Put him in the long-boat and make him bale her, Put him in the long-boat and make him bale her
Put him in the long-boat and make him bale her, Ear - ly in the morn - ing.

What shall we do with a drunken soldier?
Put him in the guardroom till *he* gets sober.

These were the only two verses. Each verse began with—

Hoo-rah and up she rises.

The whole was sung in chorus, in quick march time, with no pause between the verses. It was the only song used for a "stamp and go," and when crews were reduced and it was no longer possible to "walk away" with anything, the song at once dropped out of use.

THE "HOTSPUR." Built in 1851; 1042 Tons.

[To face page 81.

Cheer'ly Man.

Solo.
Chorus.
O Nan - cy Daw - son, Hi - o! Cheer - 'ly man;
Solo.
Chorus.
She's got a no - tion, Hi - o - o Cheer - 'ly man;
Solo.
Chorus.
For our old bo' - sun, Hi - o! Cheer - 'ly man,
O! Haul - ey, Hi - o - o! Cheer - 'ly man.

O Betsy Baker,
Lived in Long Acre,
Married a Quaker.

O Sally Rackett
Pawned my best jacket,
And kept the ticket.

O the ladies of town
All soft as down
In their best gown.

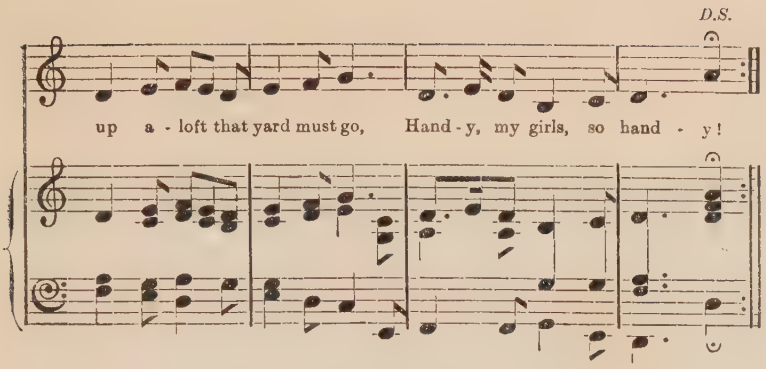
O Polly Hawkins,
With her white stockings,
Beats all at talking.

O Kitty Karson
Jilted the parson,
Married a mason.

O haughty cocks,
O split the blocks,
O stretch her luff.

So Handy, My Girls.

So hand - y, my girls, so hand - y! Why
can't you be so hand - y, O? Hand - y, my girls, so hand - y!
A
For we are outward bound, you know. Handy, my girls, so hand - y! O



Yes, up aloft that yard must go,
For mister mate he told me so.

After the first verse the six bars as far as A were not used again.

Green's "Newcastle."

THIS ship, built in 1859 in Sunderland, was a good example of Green's ships at their best. She was 1137 tons, and though about 100 tons smaller than Green's last two wooden ships, the *Shannon* and *Lord Warden*, built some three or four years later, is a good representative of that celebrated fleet. She was very similar to the *Alnwick Castle*, also a Sunderland ship of five years' earlier date, and the *Clarence*, built a year before her. This last-mentioned vessel had the peculiarity that she sailed best when trimmed by the stern. The well-known *Nile*, which ended her days as a coal hulk at Gibraltar, was of the same date. From 1850 to 1869 it may be said that Green's fleet was in its prime, and the names of *Malabar*, *Windsor Castle*, *Monarch*, *Walmer Castle*, and *Agamemnon* may be mentioned. Later came the *Renown*, *Highflier*, *Shannon*, *Lord Warden*; and then they went to iron in the *Superb* and *Carlisle Castle*. Then came the end—or practically so.

Up to the year 1860, the crews these ships carried were enormous, in the larger vessels numbering as many as ninety. From 1866 the numbers decreased, until the opening of the Suez Canal brought about the ruin of the fleet. Some of the fleet carried skysails; all carried studding-sails, both at fore and main; sail was never taken in until the last moment, and at the least moderating of the wind was immediately set again.

GREEN'S "NEWCASTLE."

[To face page 84.

Haul Away, Jo.

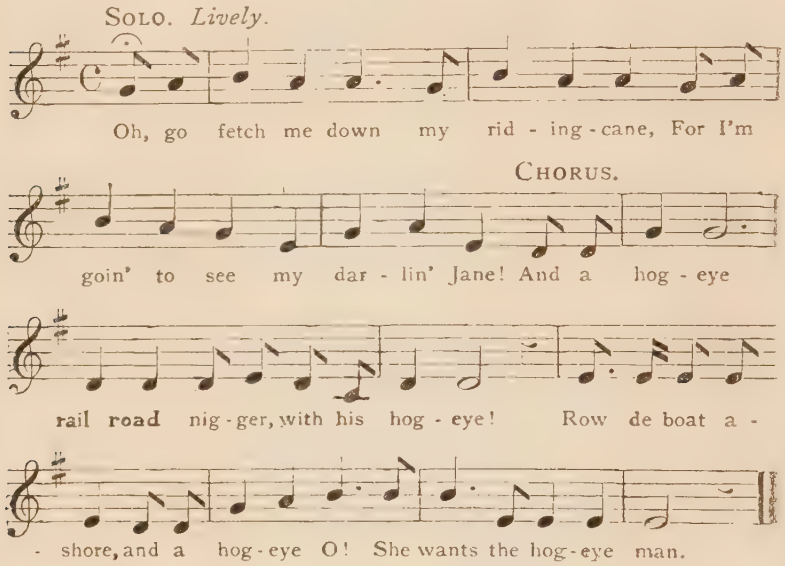
SONG used as a last short pull for sweating up.

O, once I had an Irish gal, and she was fat and lazy,
Away, haul away, haul away, Jo.
But now I've got a nigger one she drives me nearly crazy.
Away, haul away, etc.

King Louis was the King o' France before the Revolution,
Away, haul away, etc.
The people cut his head off, which spoiled his constitution.
Away, haul away, etc.

The Hog-eye Man.

THIS shanty dates from 1849-50. At that time gold was found in California. There was no road across the continent, and all who rushed to the goldfields (with few exceptions) went in sailing-ships round the Horn, San Francisco being the port they made for. This influx of people and increase of trade brought railway building to the front; most of the "navvies" were negroes. But, until the roads were made, there was a great business carried on by water, the chief vehicles being barges, called "hog-eyes." The derivation of the name is unknown to me. The sailor in a new trade was bound to have a new shanty, and this song was the result:—


Solo. *Lively.*
Oh, go fetch me down my rid - ing - cane, For I'm
Chorus.
goin' to see my dar - lin' Jane! And a hog - eye
rail road nig - ger, with his hog - eye! Row de boat a -
- shore, and a hog - eye O! She wants the hog - eye man.

O the hog-eye men are all the go,
When they come down to San-Fran-cis-co,
In a hog-eye, etc.

Now, it's "who's been here since I been gone?"
A railroad nigger with his sea boots on,
And a hog-eye, etc.

O Sally in the garden picking peas,
Her golden hair hanging down to her knees,
And a hog-eye, etc.

and so on.

As nautical readers know, much of this shanty is unprintable; but it was so very much in evidence in the days of shanties that a collection would be imperfect without it.

Challo Brown.

Solo.
sf
O Chal - lo, O Chal - lo Brown!
8
sf
sf
Chorus.
O Chal - lo, in the morn ing, O Challo, O Challo Brown!
She was a bright mu - lat - ta, O Challo, O Challo Brown!
Solo.
sf
Chorus.
D.S.
Just as the day was dawning, O Challo, O Challo Brown!
She hailed from Cin - cin - at - ta. O Challo, O Challo Brown!

O put my clothes in order,
Challo, Challo Brown.
I'm off across the border,
Challo, Challo Brown.

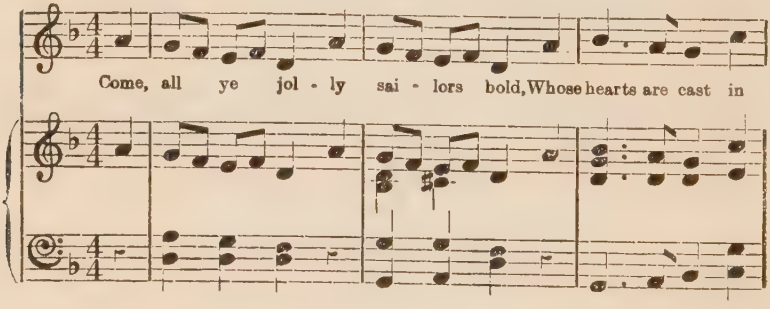
The Saucy "Arethusa."

A SPECIMEN OF A SHORE MANUFACTURED SEA SONG.

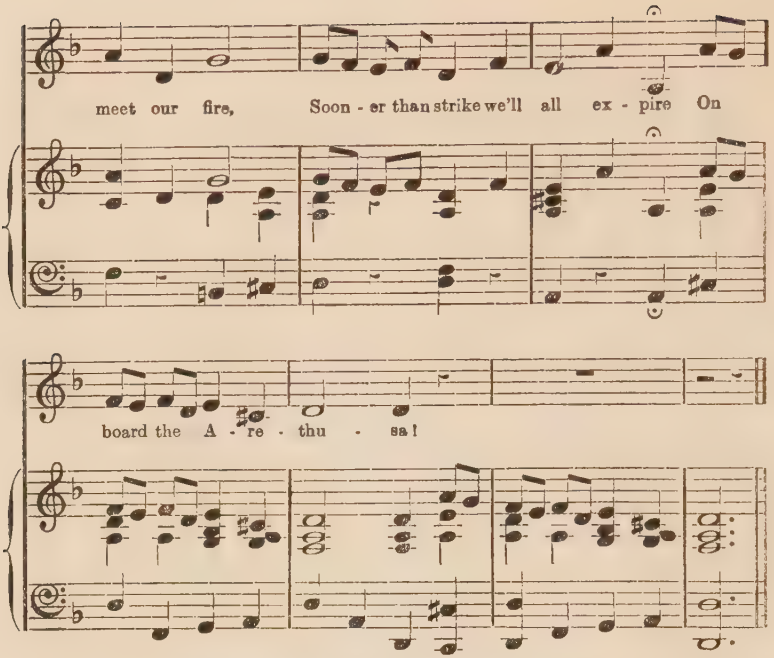
THIS well-known song has lasted 130 years, so that it may be presumed to have some merit. The fight it celebrates was not particularly remarkable in itself, but had some importance in being the first engagement in our long wars with France, which continued till 1815—37 years. The *Arethusa* celebrated in the song was a 38-gun frigate of 938 tons, L. 141, B. 38.10, D. 13.9. She carried 280 men. War began thus: King George, misled by his politicians, had lost his American Colonies. The young United States proclaimed independence. France "recognised" the new Republic. This was considered sufficient for a declaration of war, by us, against France.

Keppel was given command of a fleet of twenty-seven sail, three of which were frigates, the *Arethusa*, Captain Marshall, being one of them. They sailed from St. Helen's on 8th June, 1778. On the 17th, they perceived two French frigates and two tenders watching them. Though war had not been actually declared, Keppel considered it necessary to stop these vessels to prevent them carrying information. He gave chase. The ships proved to be *La Licorne* and *La Belle Poule*; the first hauled down her colours after firing a broadside, *La Belle Poule* sheered off followed by the *Arethusa*. In the night the ships closed, and an engagement ensued. The Frenchman directed his fire chiefly at his antagonist's rigging and spars. The *Arethusa* was disabled, and *La Belle Poule* made off. The *Arethusa* was towed back to the fleet with her main mast gone, and otherwise considerably damaged. The French ship lost 40 killed, 47 wounded; the *Arethusa*, 8 killed, 36 wounded. As to tonnage, guns, and men, the ships were equally matched, the British ship being slightly the stronger.

Through our long naval wars sailors were, naturally, the heroes of the stage. In a certain comedy, "Lock and Key," the hero is a naval officer, and sings the song in question beneath the window of his lady-love; not very suitable, one would think, but here it is—



hon - our's mould, While Bri - tish glo - ry I un - fold, Hus -
zah to the A - re - thu - sa! She is a fri - gate
tight and brave As ev - er stemm'd the dash - ing wave: Her
men are staunch to their fav - 'rite launch, And when the foe shall



'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail in show so stout
Bore down on the *Arethusa.*
The famed *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie—
The *Arethusa* seemed to fly,
Not a sheet or a tack
Or a brace did she slack:
Though the Frenchmen laughed and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the *Arethusa.*

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France.
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the *Arethusa.*
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, "Ho!"
The Frenchman then cried out "Hollo!"
"Bear down, d'ye see,
To our Admiral's lee."
"No, no," says the Frenchman, "that can't be."
"Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the saucy *Arethusa.*

The fight was off the Frenchman's land.
We forced them back upon the strand,
For we fought until not a stick would stand
Of the gallant *Arethusa*.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his fav'rite lass,
A health to the captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the *Arethusa*.

There is no picture extant of this first *Arethusa*. ***Arethusa*** number two took the place of the ship celebrated in the song. She was built at Bristol in 1781, and carried 42 guns ; 28 on her gun-deck and 14 on the poop. This fashion of fitting frigates with poops was new, and came from the French. She steered below deck, as was then usual. A reference to an old print shows a mizen set from a gaff, to the peak of which the mizzen topgallant braces lead. She has no martingale, that spar not coming into use till some ten years later. She has neither royals nor flying jib, though merchantmen of that date carried them.

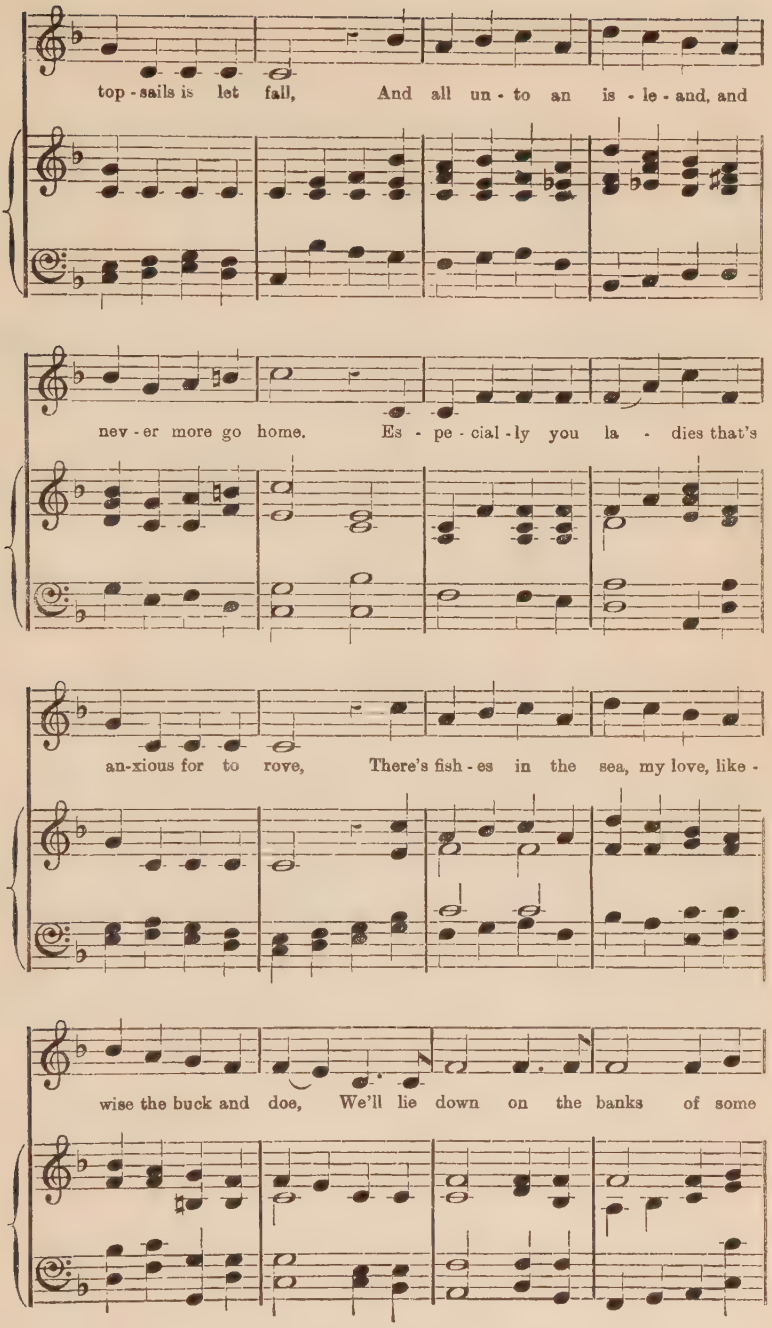
Eight months after her fight, the *Arethusa* was wrecked at sea while pursuing an enemy ; her crew were saved but made prisoners.

The name of this ship has been perpetuated in the Navy. During the Crimean War a wooden *Arethusa* distinguished herself by bombarding the forts at Odessa. There was another cruiser of the name, built in 1882, which carried ten 6-inch guns ; and there was still another *Arethusa*, just newly commissioned, 3600 tons, which led the line of British Destroyers in the raid on the German Warships, on 28th August, 1914, in the Battle of Heligoland Bight. The ship now lying off Greenhithe, as a training-ship for boys, was formerly a screw frigate of 3832 tons.

The Buffalo.

THIS was a great favourite fifty years ago, but is much older than that. It was said to be an old Buccaneer song. The first verse is all I know.

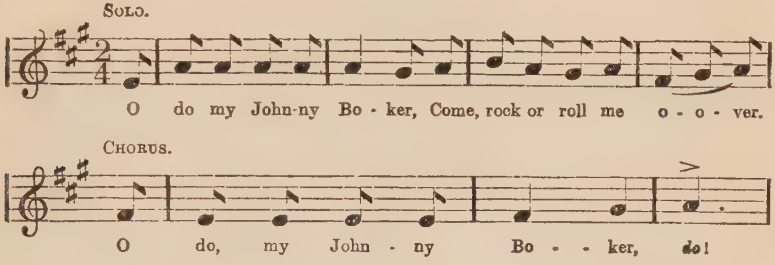
Come all you men and maid - ens as wish - es for to
sail, And I soon will let you quick - ly hear of
where you must a - roam. We'll em - bark in - to a ship, which her


top - sails is let fall, And all un - to an is - le - and, and
nev - er more go home. Es - pe - cial - ly you la - dies that's
an-xious for to rove, There's fish - es in the sea, my love, like -
wise the buck and doe, We'll lie down on the banks of some

plea-sant sha - dy grove, Thro' the wild woods we'll wan-der, and we'll
chase the buf - fa - lo, and we'll chase the buf - fa - lo, Thro' the
wild woods we'll wan - der, and we'll chase the buf - fa - lo.

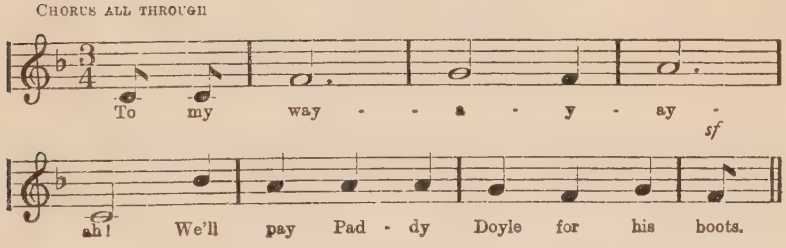
Johnny Boker.

SONGS for short pulls, just at the last, for sweating up, were numerous. Four of the best known are here given—"Johnny Boker," "Paddy Doyle," "Boney," and "Haul Away, Jo." "Paddy Doyle" was always used for bunting up a sail, and seldom, if ever, for any other purpose.



O, do, my Johnny Boker, I'm bound away to leave you.
Etc.

Paddy Doyle.



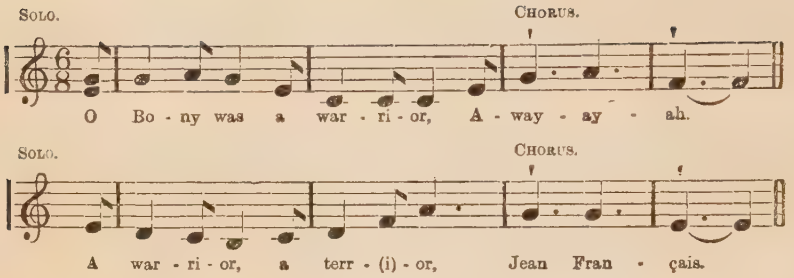
This was always used to bunt up a sail in furling. I never heard it used upon a rope. Two other verses not so often used were—

We'll all drink brandy and gin.

and

We'll all shave under the chin.

Boney.



Oh, Boney beat the Prussians,
And then he licked the Russians.

Boney went to Moscow,
Moscow was a-blazing.

He went to Saint Helena,
He wished he'd never been there.

Etc., etc.

This was a very favourite hauling song for short pulls; and an echo of the time of the "Great Terror," when Bonaparte threatened invasion. At that time the country was flooded with patriotic songs and ballads.

"Jean Français" was pronounced with a rough French accent to rhyme with the "ah" of the first line (John Fran-swor).

TEA CLIPPER.

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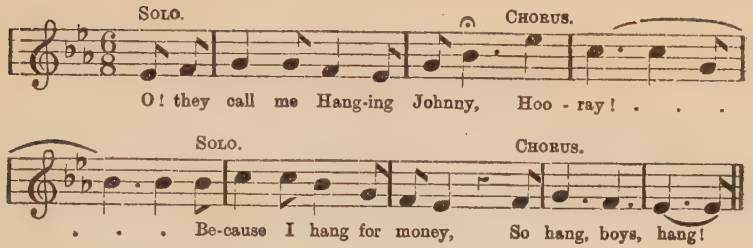
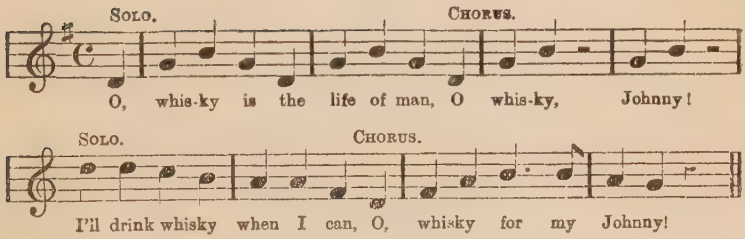
Hanging Johnny.



O first I hung my mother,
And then I hung my brother.

O, hang and haul together,
O, hang for better weather.

Whisky.

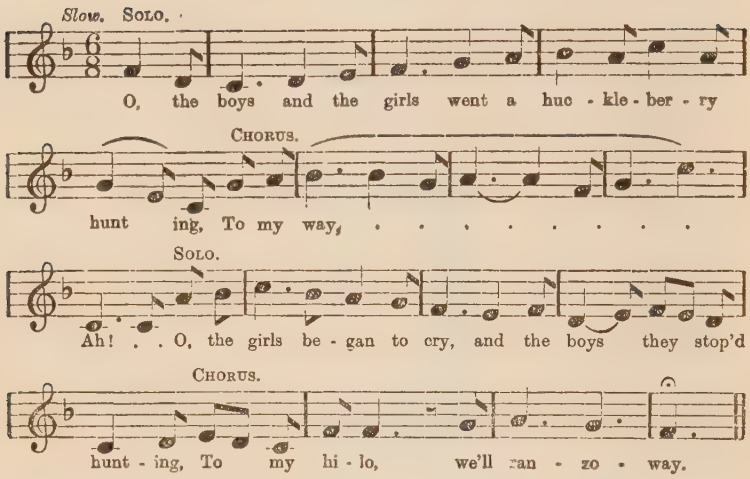


Whisky is the life of man,
Whisky from an old tin can.

Whisky made me pawn my clothes,
Whisky gave me this red nose.

Whisky here and whisky there,
I'd have whisky everywhere.

We'll Ranzo-Way.

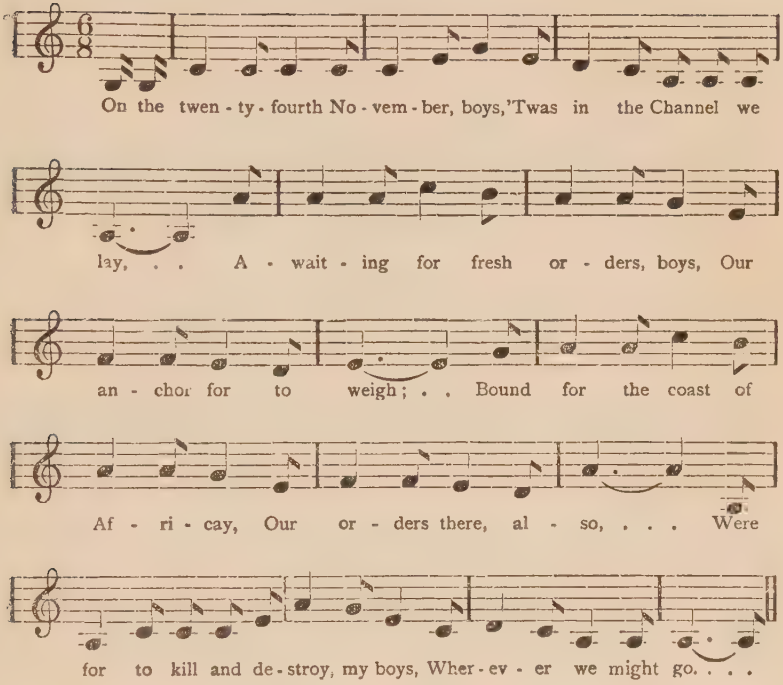

Slow. SOLO.
O, the boys and the girls went a huc - kle - ber - ry
CHORUS.
hunt ing, To my way, ...
SOLO.
Ah! . . O, the girls be - gan to cry, and the boys they stop'd
CHORUS.
hunt - ing, To my hi - lo, we'll ran - zo - way.

Then a little girl ran off,
And a boy he ran after,
And the little girl fell down
And he saw her little garter.

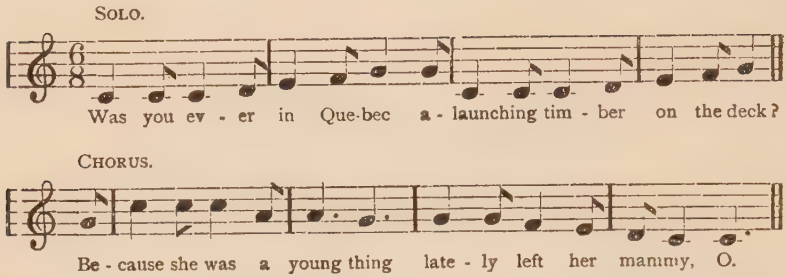
He said, "I'll be your beau
If you'll have me for a feller,"
But the little girl said "No,
For my sweetheart's Johnny Miller."

"Beau" and "feller" place the origin of this shanty in the "Down East" States or Nova Scotia. This was a shanty with regulation words to the first three verses.

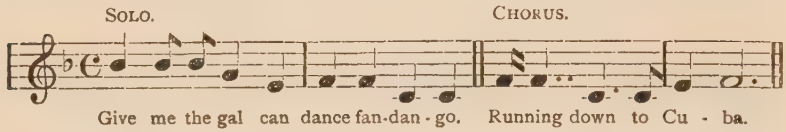
"Shakings."


On the twen - ty - fourth No - vem - ber, boys, 'Twas in the Channel we
lay, . . A - wait - ing for fresh or - ders, boys, Our
an - chor for to weigh; . . Bound for the coast of
Af - ri - cay, Our or - ders there, al - so, . . . Were
for to kill and de - stroy, my boys, Wher - ev - er we might go. . . .

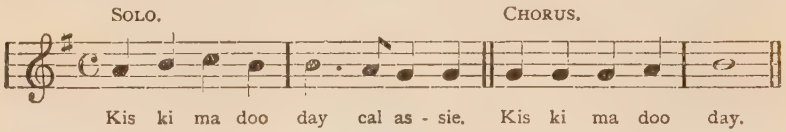
Timber droghers would sing :—



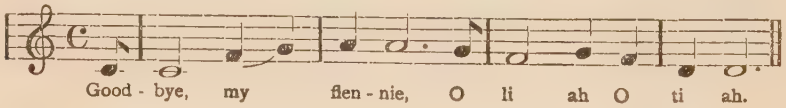
The West Indiaman had :—



Of such special shanties I have not made a collection, nor have I given shanties of other nations, such, for instance, as the Calashie whine of

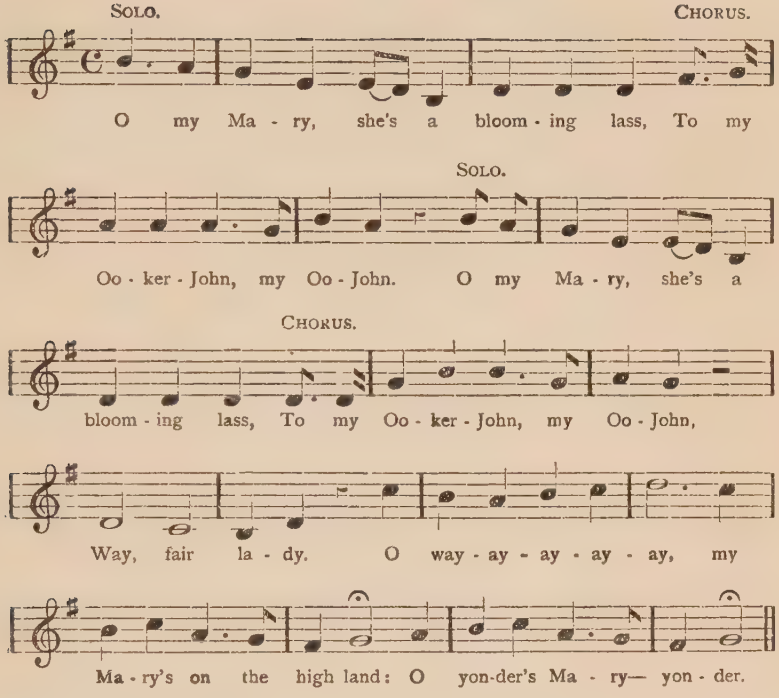


that rang in our ears all day long in Calcutta, and to which Sailor John gave a most improper rendering; or the "Good-bye" song of the Kanaka :—



A more promising field would be France or Scandinavia. France has many good shanties: one with an English chorus. These words were given me by Dr. John Preston Beecher, the American Consul at Havre.

C'est le capitaine du "Mexico,"
Hurrah, my boys, hurrah!
Qui donne à boire à ses matelots
A grands coups d'anspect sur le dos,
Hurrah, my boys, hurrah!


Solo.
Chorus.
O my Ma - ry, she's a bloom - ing lass, To my
Solo.
Oo - ker - John, my Oo - John. O my Ma - ry, she's a
Chorus.
bloom - ing lass, To my Oo - ker - John, my Oo - John,
Way, fair la - dy. O way - ay - ay - ay - ay, my
Ma - ry's on the high land: O yon-der's Ma - ry— yon - der.

Nigger Songs.

THE white seaman in smart ships seldom condescended to sing "nigger" songs. Perhaps the only one which gained anything like general acceptance was "Run, let the Bulgine run," one of the poorest of all. But there is no rule in these things. Nigger shanties there were by the hundred. Some were better than others, but nearly all were of a poor class. As to the melody of these, they generally followed the scale of the five-string banjo, the one nigger instrument. Tune a five-string banjo and you can play any tune in a minor scale by flattening one string. Learned musical theorists may talk of "nuxolydian" and like terms, but such are meaningless to any but students. In nigger singing appeared many falsetto *appogiaturas*, and a sharp rise to a "grace" note a fifth up, thus: (a sort of yelp; I can think of no other word to express it).

This "yelp" was particularly noticeable in the leadsman's song: for example:—

Both these musical tricks were freely used by untutored English ballad singers of folk-songs and such, and are not solely negro. A similar trick was the long "ah" at the end of a verse, which is as old as Shakespeare. Thus an old-fashioned seaman in singing "The Female Smuggler" would sing:—

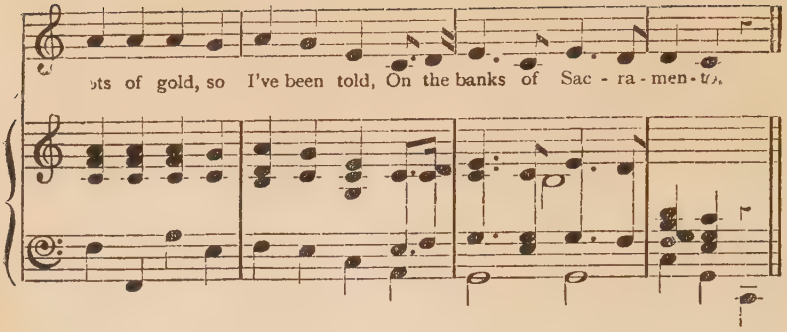
"By the rolling sea lived a maiden fair-ah,"

a sort of final groan. As already noticed in the prefix to that song, the "d" was inserted in many words, another queer trick. But few living have ever heard the old style of singing amongst the "people"; this was full of such airs and graces. Hymn tunes were no exception to the rule. With one of the old school of parish clerks singing the one and only tune to "Awake my soul," you would hardly recognise the plain notes now used, his version was so full of all manner of trills and "grace" notes, not excepting that queer "yelp" spoken of above. I have often been struck by the apparent ignorance of writers on "Folk Songs" of the music of those songs as they used to be sung. But yet, no one younger than seventy or so has ever heard the style; to all others the information can only come at second or third hand. In previous editions I have only given one example of the purely nigger shanty—"Stand to your ground." But it seems to be the wish of some of my readers that I should go further afield.

The Banks of Sacramento.

THIS well-known ditty is merely a very early Christy Minstrel song altered into a shanty. "The Camptown Races" dates back to the early fifties. In 1849 the great emigration to California began, and in the ships carrying many of the emigrants round the Horn this song had its origin. Those were the great clipper days of America in which such famous ships as *Flying loud, Sovereign of the Seas, Great Republic,* and hundreds of others were born. Many shanties came into use in those times, of which "The Banks of Sacramento" is one. The California rush lasted, roughly, from 1850 to 1860.

Slow.
Solo.
Chorus.
The Camptown la - dies sing this song, And a hoo - dah and a
Solo.
Chorus.
hoo-dah! The Camptown race track's five miles long, And a hoo-dah, hoo-dah
day! Blow, boys, blow, for Cal - i - for - nia, O! There's
ff
8ves.


ots of gold, so I've been told, On the banks of Sac - ra - men - to.

CLIPPER SHIP "FLYING CLOUD."

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Clear de Track, Let de Bulgine Run.

ANOTHER instance of a "minstrel" ditty used as a shanty, is "Clear the track, let the Bulgine run." In this case the words and the tune of the first part were taken straight from the music hall, but the chorus was altered in words and music. In the music hall version the chorus was:—

"Walkee up, O walkee up, O walkee up, O way!
Walk into de parlour for to hear de banjo play," &c.

The sailor altered it as here shown.

O de worl' was made in six days and end-ed on de seven; Ah,
he! ah, ho! are you most done? But ac-cord-in' to de con-trac' it
or-ter been el-even, So clear de track, let de bul-gine run.

Repeat the music for Chorus, which runs :—

To my hi-rig-a-jig and a low-back car,
Ah, he ! ah, ho ! are you most done ?
Hurrah my boys and away we'll go,
So clear de track, let the Bulgine run.

But de masons struck for wages, an' dey would not work ;
So dey come to conclusion dat dey fill him up wid dirt.

Now Adam was de firs' man an' Eve was de oder,
An' Cain he was a wicked man because he kill his brudder.

O, way down in the garden where de apple hang low,
Ole Satan got de pull and de man had to go.

Young Joseph was de fav'rite, an' eat his mush whole ;
But his brudders sell his coat, and dey put him in a hole.

Ole Moses lick de Pharaoh an' drown him in de sea,
An' de chillen come along dat land for to see.

Lil' David was the boss when he finis' up Goliah,
But he play it pooty low down on ole man Uriah.

You may talk about your yaller gals an' roun-de-corner Sallies,
Dey couldn't come to tea with the queens in the forests.

Daniel in de den done sleep all de night,
Never mind de lion nor de tiger not a mite.

Jonah was a hungry man cos he eat de whale,
He manage very well till he come to de tail.

Dat's all de fur dat de story goes,
So hurry up to heaven in yo' best suit of clothes.

Another version sang the glories of a Black Ball clipper.

Jamboree.

JAMBOREE also was originally a nigger minstrel song, altered by the seaman to suit himself. It is not a bad time, and the chorus lends itself to the situation. The words were made to fit the port to which the ship was bound, for this was a homeward-bound song. The words of the chorus "I wonder if my clothes are out of pawn" were actually sung, but, with no passengers on board, an unprintable version obtained.

The pi - lot he looks out a - head, O a hand in the chains, O a
heav-ing of the lead! The Un - ion Jack at our mast-head, O I
won - der if my clothes are out of pawn! O Jam - bor - ee, O

LONDON VERSION.

Verse 2.

O it's now we're past o' the Lizard lights,
The Start, boys, next will heave in sight;
We'll soon be abreast of the Isle of Wight;
O I wonder if my clothes are out o' pawn.

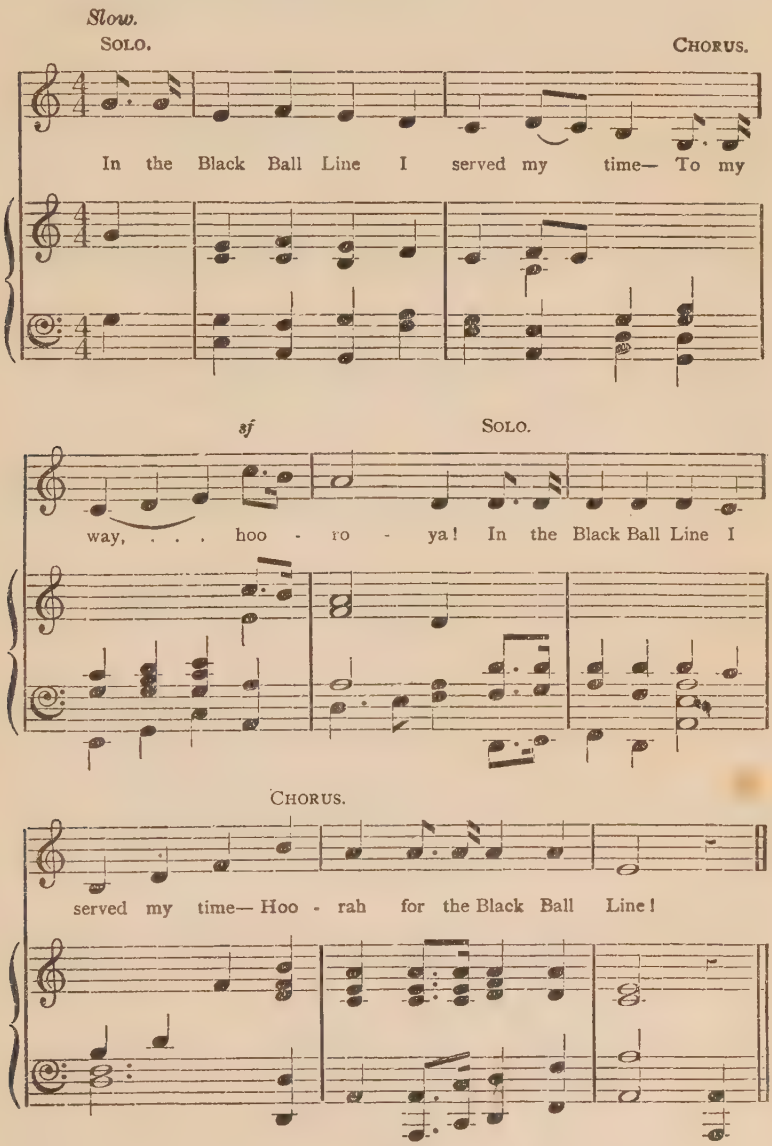
Verse 3.

O when we get to the Blackwall docks,
The pretty young girls come down in flocks;
Some in their petticoats and some in frocks;
O I wonder if my clothes are out o' pawn.

There were other verses, but I do not find them in my records.

The Black Ball Line.

THOUGH it has no set of words, I think I must include "Hurrah for the Black Ball Line." It was a really good windlass song, and the second chorus rolled out well. As the Black Ball Line started in 1816, it is impossible to say when this shanty was first sung, but it is certainly an old one. In my time, 1861, it was known the world over, and was heard everywhere. Though small, three to four hundred tons, the early Black Ball liners were heavily sparred, and carried large crews, amongst whom there would certainly have been shantying. There was no ship of 1000 tons in the fleet until 1846.


Slow.
Solo.
Chorus.
In the Black Ball Line I served my time— To my
sf
Solo.
way, . . . hoo - ro - ya! In the Black Ball Line I
Chorus.
served my time— Hoo - rah for the Black Ball Line!

O Fare-you-well, My Bonny Young Girls!

"O FARE You Well, My Bonny Young Girls," a bright little hauling song, was a favourite in London ships. It is particularly good for hauling to, and I have been somewhat surprised to note that none of the numerous writers on sea shanties include it in their collections. I know so many myself that my difficulty is to know which to choose and which to leave out. I give it here. It had no particular set of words, and degenerated, after the first verse, into—

"I thought I heard our old man say," &c.

SOLO.
CHORUS.
O fare you well, my bon - ny young girls— Hur -
SOLO.
rah! . . . . sing fare you well! O fare you well! I
CHORUS.
wish you well— Hur - rah! . . . . sing fare you well!

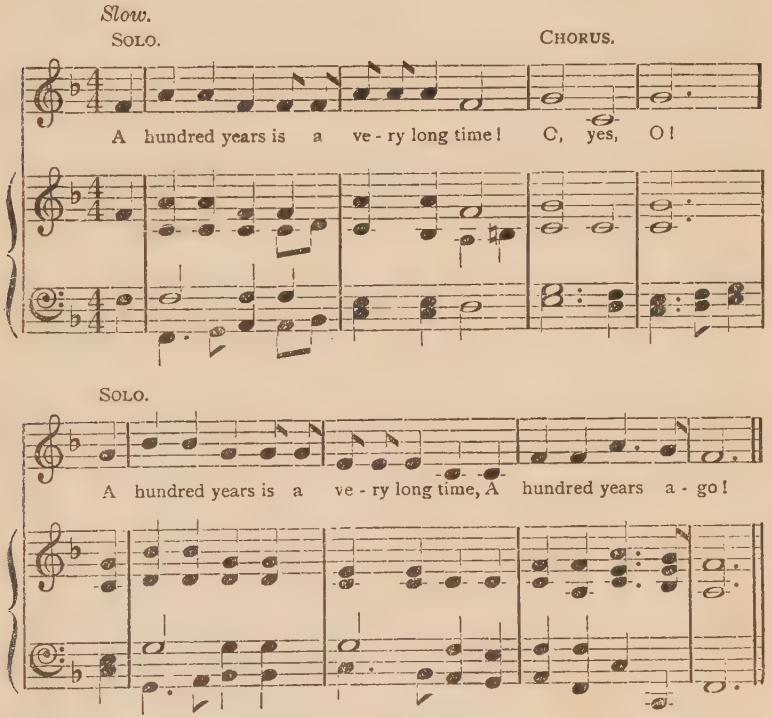
O fare you well, we're bound away;
Hurrah! Sing fare you well;
We're bound away this very day,
Hurrah! Sing fare you well.

A Hundred Years Ago.

A SONG perhaps worth saving from oblivion is "A Hundred Years Ago." This was, originally, "Time for us to go," which seems to me the better phrase of the two. Neither had any set words beyond the inevitable

"I thought I heard our old man say
That we were homeward bound to-day."

And such like.



Cawsand Bay.

In Caw - sand Bay ly - ing, The Blue Pe - ter fly - ing, The
hands all turned up for the an - chor to weigh, There
came off a la - dy, As fresh as a May day, Who,
look - ing up mod - est - ly, these words did say: "I

wants a young man there, So do what you can there To
hoist me a - board or to send him to me. His
name's Har - ry Gra - dy, And I am a la - dy Come
off for to save him from go - ing to sea."

The Captain, his honour,
When he look-ed upon her,
Ran down the ship's side to assist her on board ;
And he said with emotion
" What son of the ocean
Can thus be looked arter by Elinor Ford ? "
When thus she gave answer,
" This here is my man, sir,
I'll make him as rich and as fine as a lord."
" That ere," said the Captain,
" Can't very well happen,
We've got sailing orders—you, sir, go on board ! "

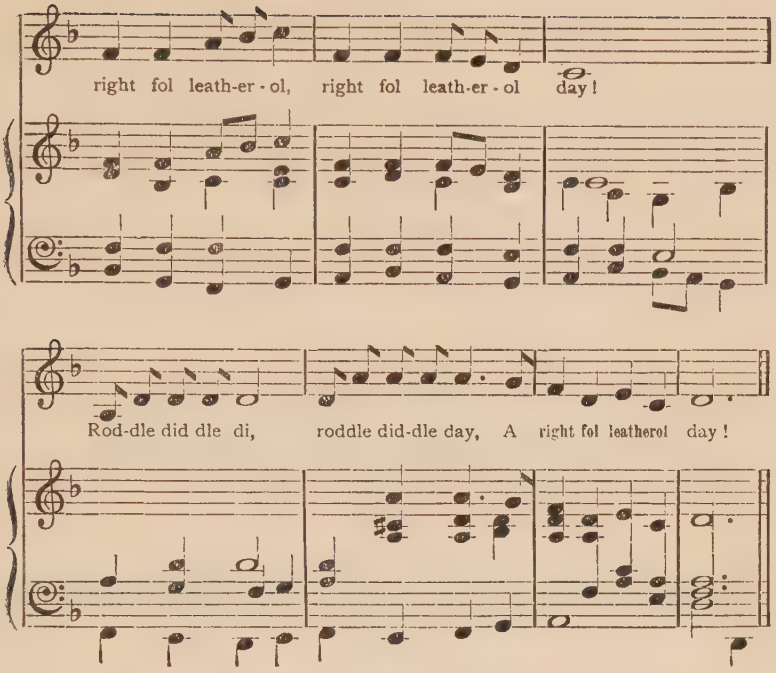
" Avast ! " says the lady,
" Don't mind him, Hal Grady,
He *once* was your captain, but now you're at large ;
You sha'nt go aboard her
In spite that chap's order ; "
Then out from her bosom she lugg'd his discharge.
Says the Captain, says he now,
" I'm damned, but he's free now ! "
Hal sings out, " Let Weatherface have all my clothes."
For the shore then he steered her,
And all the hands cheered her,
But the Captain was jealous and looked down his nose.

Then she got a shore tailor
To rig her young sailor
In fine nankeen trowsers and blue long-tail coat ;
And he looked like a squire
For her to admire
With a dimity hankercher tied round his throat.
" And now," says she, " Harry,
The next thing, we'll marry,"
And she looked like a dove in his fine manly face.
" That's the thing," says Hal Grady,
" A parson get ready,
" And arter a 'long-splice' we'll 'splice the main brace.'"

Their house it was greater
Nor e'er a first-rater,
With servants in uniform handing the drink ;
With a garden to go in
Where flowers was blowin'
Sun-flower, jessamine, lily, and pink.
Then he got eddication
Just fit for his station :
For we know we arn't never too old for to larn.
And his shipmates soon found him
With young uns around him,
All " chips of the old block " from stem to the starn.

The Twenty-fourth of February.

On the twen-ty-fourth of Feb-ru-ary, the wea-ther be-ing
clear, We spied sev'n sail of Turk-ish men-o'-war, All be-
long-ing to Al-gier. With my right fol leath-er-ol,



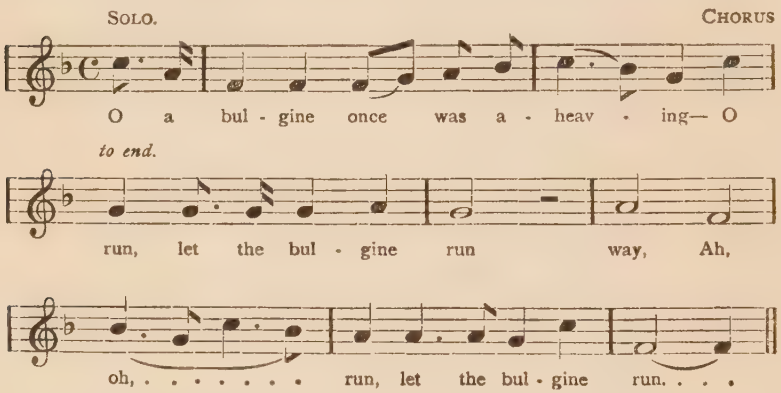
Now the first that came to our ship's side
It was the *Pink* so clear,
Commanded by the big Bashaw,
And belonging to Algier.

The next that came to our ship's side
It was the *Rose and Crown ;*
We fired into her a good broadside,
And quickly she went down.

So two we took, and one we sunk ;
The rest, they run away ;
And one we brought to old England's shore
To show we had won the day.

Run, Let the Bulgine Run.

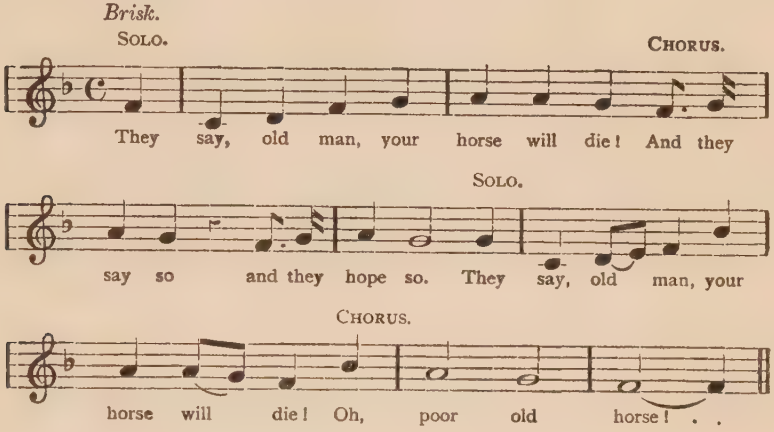
"RUN, let the Bulgine run" is pure nigger. It had no set of words, but was popular. It is of a debased kind, and was quite unworthy of its popularity.



O, New York town is a-burning, &c.

The Dead Horse.

THE Dead Horse Song, though not a shanty, ought, I suppose, to have a place in this book. For those who never saw it, I may perhaps be allowed to describe the procedure. Sailor John, as we know, gets a "month's advance" when he signs on. Thus he feels that for the first month of the voyage he is working for nothing—"working out the dead horse." In the old days, on the last evening of the month, at one bell in the second dog-watch, a lighted procession emerged from the break of the forecastle, a wheeled platform carried the rude figure of a horse made of canvas stuffed with straw, upon which sat one of the boatswain's mates in old clothes and a battered tall hat, waving a long whip. He was dragged along by the men, who sang as they dragged :—


Brisk.
Solo.
Chorus.
They say, old man, your horse will die! And they
Solo.
say so and they hope so. They say, old man, your
Chorus.
horse will die! Oh, poor old horse! . .

Then if he dies, I'll tan his hide,
And they say so, and they hope so.
And if he lives, I'll ride him again,
O—poor—old—horse."

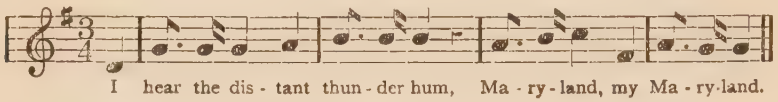
On reaching the quarter deck, the rider dismounted and addressed his steed, thus :—

Old horse, old horse, what brought you here
After carrying sand for many a year
From Bantry Bay to Ballywhack,
Where you fell down and broke your back?
Now, after years of such abuse,
They salt you down for sailor's use;
They tan your hide and burn your bones,
And send you off to Davy Jones.

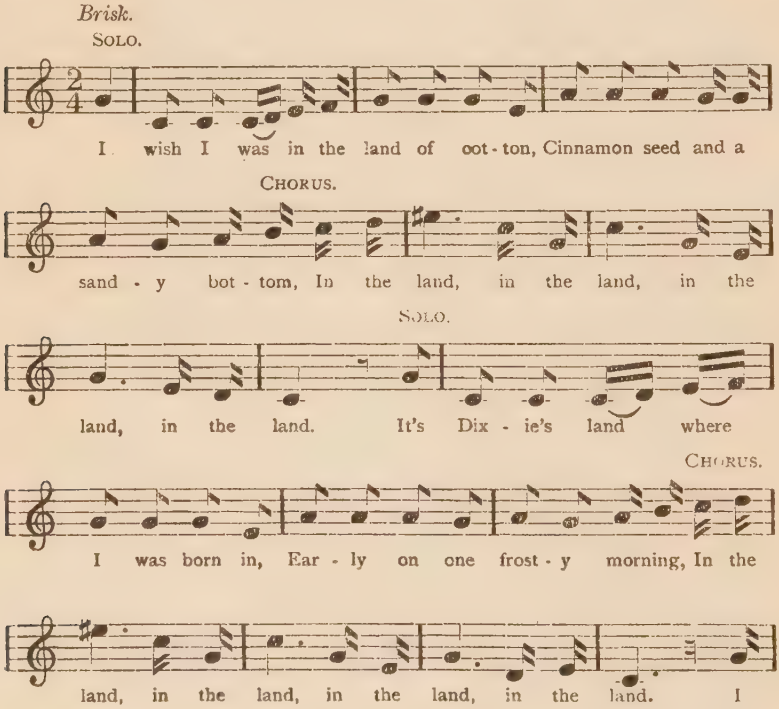
The address ended, the figure was run up to the lee main yardarm, where a man was ready with a blue light and a knife. Having fired the blue light, he cut away the steed, which fell into the water, to the hurrahs of the crew.

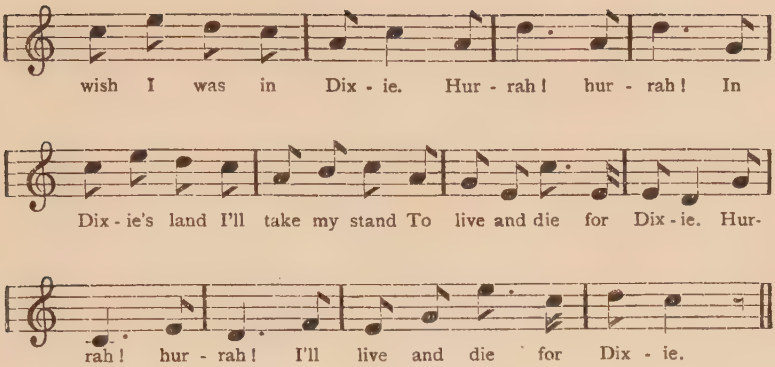
Dixie.

IN the sixties there was one other class of song which came into use—the American war song. Never was there a war so prolific of song. "Dixie," "Maryland," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and a score of others were sung, not in the States alone, but all over the world. The two chiefly used as shanties were, I think, "Dixie" and "Maryland." The latter was sung by both Confederates and Federals, with, of course, different words to suit either side, for Maryland was "on the fence," and both sides wooed her. It would be ungracious to give those words now, and the tune itself is but an adapted one. The refrain is, I should think, hardly forgotten yet.



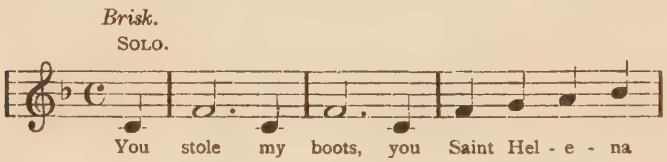
But the chief favourite with the sailor, as a shanty, was "Dixie," which was used by the Confederates as a national song, as against the Northerners' "Yankee Doodle." It is, in truth, no more than a negro refrain, expressing the regrets of a slave belonging to one Dixie. But the wild savagery of the melody was stirring. How we used to roar out, "In the Land, in the Land, in the Land, in the Land." For the most part, British sympathy was with the Southerners.


Brisk.
SOLO.
I wish I was in the land of cot - ton, Cinnamon seed and a
CHORUS.
sand - y bot - tom, In the land, in the land, in the
SOLO.
land, in the land. It's Dix - ie's land where
CHORUS.
I was born in, Ear - ly on one frost - y morning, In the
land, in the land, in the land, in the land. I

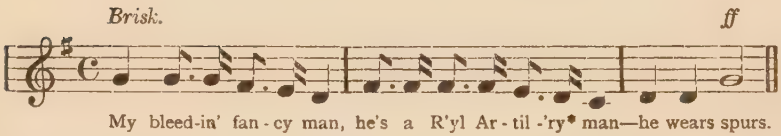

wish I was in Dix - ie. Hur - rah! hur - rah! In
Dix - ie's land I'll take my stand To live and die for Dix - ie. Hur-
rah! hur - rah! I'll live and die for Dix - ie.

St. Helena Soldier.

THERE was a popular shanty for last sweating-up hauls which I have never seen in print. This was "St. Helena Soldier." There was a somewhat similar song often heard in transports: "He wears spurs." Here they are:—



"You stole my boots so early in the morning," &c.



"Bleeding" used to be euphonious for "bloody"; as "blooming" is now.

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* Royal Artillery.

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